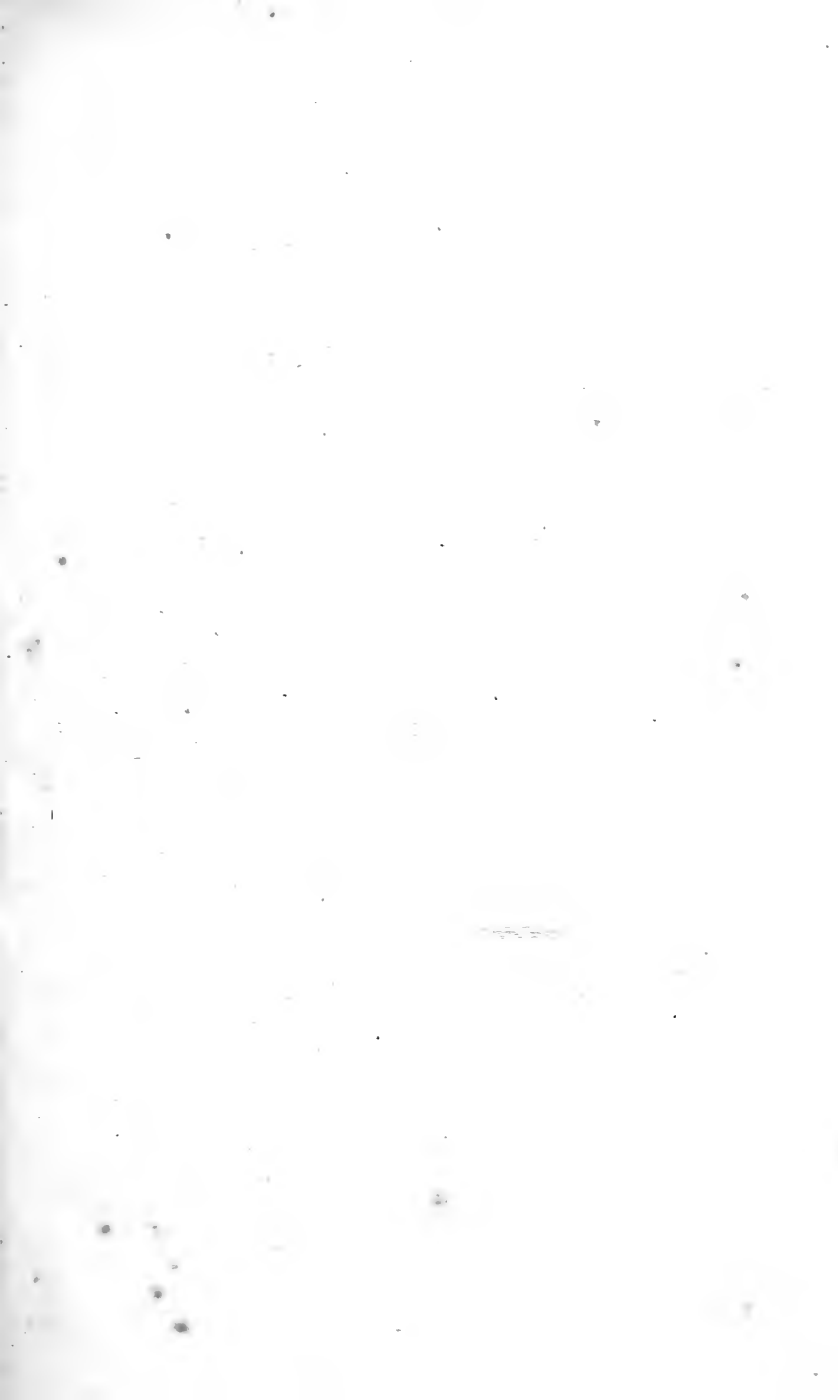


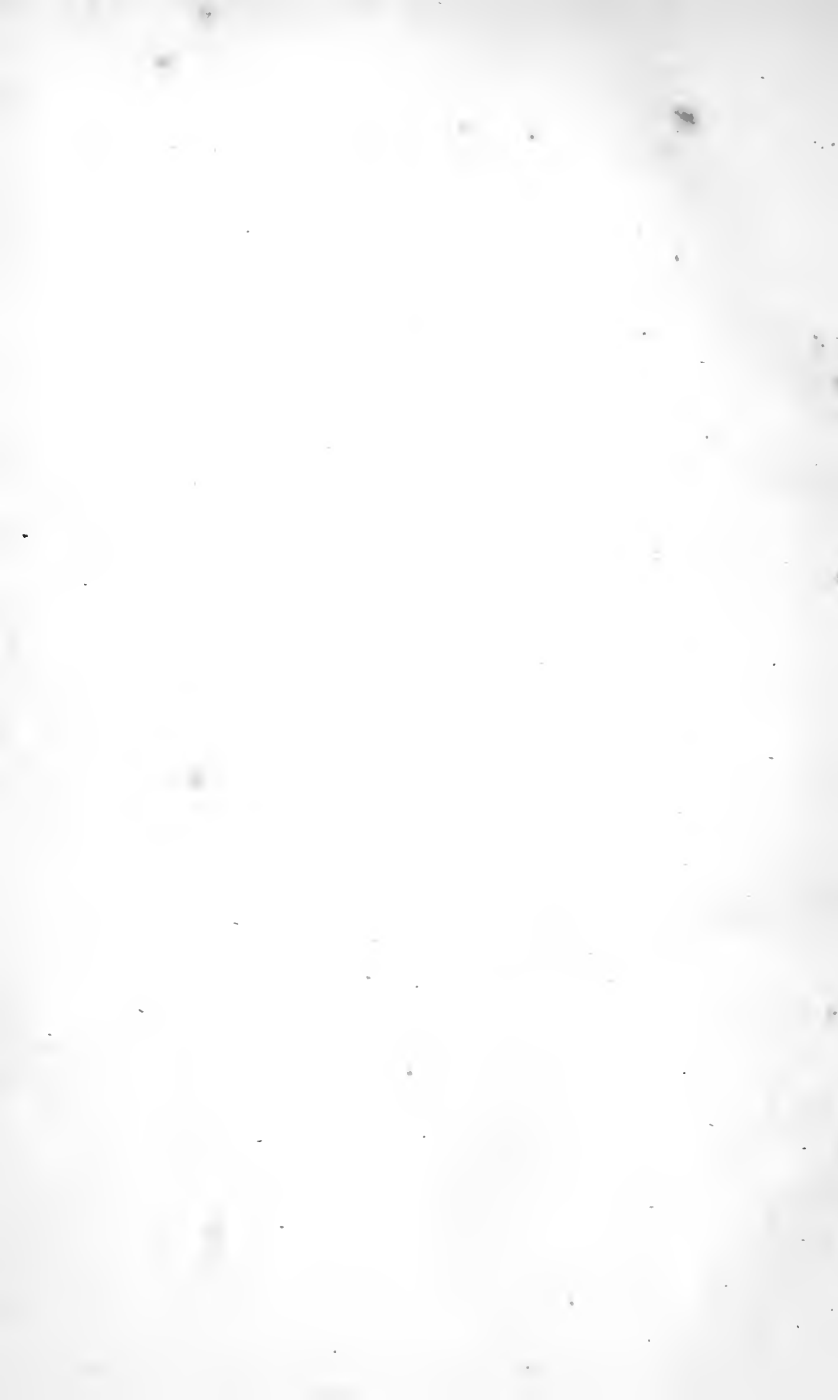


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TOURS AND EXCURSIONS

ON THE

CONTINENT.





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TOURS AND EXCURSIONS
ON THE
CONTINENT.

SELECTED FROM THE DIARIES

OF

THOMAS FITZPATRICK, M.D., M.A.

EDITED BY

ALBERT HARTSHORNE, F.S.A.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1901.

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TO
MY HUSBAND,
WHOSE THOUGHTFUL CARE, GUIDANCE,
AND COMPANIONSHIP MADE
ALL THE CHARM AND
PLEASURE OF THESE EXCURSIONS,
I INSCRIBE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN offering to our friends these familiar sketches from Diaries written only for my instruction and reference, I feel that some explanation might be looked for to justify my doing so, especially as in themselves they possess so little literary merit or originality. But when contemplating putting the MSS. into book form, for my own satisfaction and use, it occurred to me that perhaps there might be others who would like to read these simple accounts of some of our travels, and that even to those who have journeyed to more distant countries, and to less well known places, they might not be altogether unacceptable.

A. L. F.

SUSSEX GARDENS.

February, 1901.

DIARY OF A TOUR IN TYROL, 1876.

INNSBRÜCK TO BOTZEN AND OVER THE STELVIO
AND BACK.—MUNICH.—NUREMBERG.

AUGUST 21ST—SEPTEMBER 17TH.



VERY fine morning with a bright warm sun. Started from the Tyroler Hof at 8.30 A.M. and stopped at Mutersbergers in the Museum Street to buy Mayr's *Karte of Tyrol*. Agnes found the little einspänner in which we were seated most comfortable, and with the prospects of fine weather, a new and interesting excursion, and the surrounding scenery, we both felt in a mood to enjoy ourselves. Our coachman, who seemed at first somewhat sullen in manner, soon relaxed, and when we were fairly on the road became very communicative. As he spoke indifferent German with a shocking pronunciation, and naturally stammered more or less, he was somewhat difficult to understand, but he showed a laudable anxiety from first to last to make himself intelligible. He pointed out a spot on the Martinswand where the Emperor Maximilian was miraculously preserved from destruction by a fall while hunting the chamois. He told us of the accident to the King of Saxony through which he lost his life, and showed us later in the day the very elegant little

chapel with a green roof built upon the spot. But he mixed up with those two somewhat remote occurrences, the story of an Englishman who had pushed his wife over a precipice on some other part of the road, and killed her. At least it was in that sense we first understood him.

In the course of the day we passed the Martinswand, on which the Emperor Maximilian so nearly met his fate; two large convents—one of which was founded in 1271 by the mother of Conradin, the last scion of the house of Hohenstaufen; and the spot near Bernbuchel where the King of Saxony was killed.

We took lunch at Silz and afterwards strolled into the new church nearly opposite to the Post to escape the heat. A little beyond Silz we passed an old castle now in decay—Petersberg—standing in a fine situation above a large wood, where Margaret Maultasch was born, who brought Tyrol as a dowry to the house of Austria.

Soon after we had passed the King of Saxony's chapel it began to rain, and in the midst of a heavy shower we drove into Imst.

Here we had a room on the second floor with quite half a dozen of windows, one of which looked down on a nice garden and clusters of beautiful ripe apricots growing against the wall. I compared the landlord to the "Wild Boar of Ardennes" (in *Quentin Durward*) whom he must greatly resemble. As soon as the rain was over Agnes and I walked up the town, which reminded us in the character of its streets and houses of St. Moritz. We went to make inquiries after a past generation of canary birds—said by Murray to be bred here—but found only an enterprising shoemaker, who was studying the opposite hills and chalets and the grazing cattle through a telescope made by Dollond, London, and fixed on a tripod. He told

us he also took an interest in astronomy. As for the canaries, he knew some one that had one, and by waiting a few days at Imst he could have it brought to us! We pursued our walk to the Calvarienberg and a large new church where, later in the evening, prayers were held for rain. At dinner we met a stout florid German gentleman and his young wife (we thought afterwards that they were probably on their wedding tour), and discovered that he spoke English.

August 22nd.—Left Imst at 7.3 A.M. and reached Landeck about 10 A.M. but we did not stop, and rattled with much cracking of whip through the village. A little beyond the road began to ascend between the mountain and the inn, and we arrived for lunch at Ried. Here we met again the above-named German, who became pleasantly communicative, and gave us a route embracing some nice excursions from Lienz. He spoke English very well, and said he thought it the best of all languages to know, as by its aid he had ridden all through Turkey. He said there is hardly a place in which you will not find someone who knows English. It appeared to me that he holds some official position at Constantinople. We talked a little about the Servian and Bulgarian business, and though he was no admirer of the so-called Christian population of these provinces, he condemned the policy of England and said the Turks were not fit to bear rule in Europe.

Passed the picturesque village of Pfunds, and began to ascend the Finstermüntz Pass. About 5.30 we reached the hotel Zum Hoch Finstermüntz, whither I had telegraphed from Imst in the morning.

August 23rd.—Another fine morning. The road now passed through several galleries cut through the rock and rose high above the inn, and the old road which ran close

by the river far below. After a time the road turned abruptly to the left through a gorge in the mountain, and past an Austrian fortress strongly built to command it. I got out and walked until we came to Nanders. During this morning the four horses in Mr. Rodgers's carriage had been followed by a fine large dog belonging to Pfunds, and greatly annoyed the leaders of the team and the old Italian vetturino by jumping and barking at them. Mr. Rodgers's courier pelted the dog with stones but failed to make it desist, and it was at last captured at St. Valentin and sent back with a rope round its neck to its owner. The delay here enabled us by a little manœuvre to get before the four-in-hand, and avoid the dust from which we had suffered during the morning. On the road we passed the Reschersee, the Mittersee and the Heidersee, and hoped to have had a view of the Oertler Spitze, but it was unfortunately wrapped in cloud all the day.

The road makes a very rapid and picturesque descent through the heath of Mals, past a Benedictine convent and the Castle of Lichtenberg. Soon after 1 o'clock we came to Mals. I visited the old Roman round tower and bought photographs of it and the town itself. We set off from Mals soon after 2 o'clock, and did not reach Trafoi till 6. On the way we passed Neu Spondinig and Prad. Saw some artillery by the side of the level chaussée between Spondinig and Prad. The latter town looked as uninviting as Miss E. Hall had described it to us.

From Prad to Trafoi there is a continuous ascent by the side of a roaring mountain torrent, crossed at intervals by high and picturesque bridges. It was a slow fatiguing journey both to me and the horse, as I walked a good part of the way. As we approached Trafoi the hills in the front became more and more enveloped in mist, so that we

could not see more than a few yards before us. At length a large white house revealed itself, and then another, and in a few minutes we gladly discerned some carriages drawn up in front of our inn—the Post. The place was full, and we should have failed to get a room if it had not been for Mr. Rodgers's courier, who had engaged one for us on their arrival. Every moment the fog became deeper, and in the morning we were not surprised that rain began to fall. As food was difficult to obtain I made some tea for breakfast with considerable success, and we set off soon after 7 o'clock to ascend the Stelvio. Our coachman had put two fresh horses in the carriage and with our own old grey tied on a halter in the rear we began the journey. At first everything was wrapped in gloom, but before we reached Franzenshöhe the clouds lifted occasionally and afforded us glimpses of the Matratsch Spitze and glacier. In the station at Franzenshöhe we drank some hot milk and eggs and saw the landlady's fine dog, and an old carpenter laying the floor of the hall with wood paving.

We had hardly started again when rain began to fall heavily and continued to do so till we reached Bormio. It was with difficulty I managed to protect Agnes a little by holding up my umbrella. On the other side of the Pass we were questioned for a moment at the Italian Custom House and allowed to proceed. We went down at a rapid pace, passed Mr. Rodgers's vierspänner, got through the numerous galleries built to protect the road and reached Bormio at 1.30 P.M.

Here we were well received and the best room in the house assigned to us. It commanded a lovely view of the valley and surrounding mountains. We were very comfortable in every way, and resolved to remain for the next day and return if possible on Saturday over the Stelvio. At

dinner there was a noisy party of Italians, and a Mr. Morgan and his two sisters, with whom Agnes afterwards became acquainted.

August 25th. Bormio.—Rain still continues. Played two or three games of billiards and wrote letters. As it became a little brighter in the afternoon I walked with Agnes up to the Bagni Vecchi. We saw the source of the water—Martinsquelle—dating from old Roman times and of very high temperature; the mud bath and the Roman bath. It was a very pleasant walk and afforded views of the mountains all decked in new snow. In the evening after dinner Dr. Schetelig came and spoke to me and was very polite, and took me through the baths. Amongst others there were swimming baths for ladies and men. The mail, which was rather late, brought news of snow knee-deep on the Stelvio. However, we determined to go the next morning.

August 26th. Bormio.—Lovely morning and looked most promising for our journey. Dr. Schetelig joined us at breakfast and was very kind in having 11 fr. taken off my bill. As the weather was cold he wanted also to lend us his cloak but that I would not accept. He gave me a copy of the *British Medical Journal* and some observations made by himself on the climate of Nervi to take as far as the third Cantoniera and return to him from thence. Dr. Schetelig lives in Nervi during the winter and comes to Bormio in the months of June, July and August. He considers Nervi to be a more sheltered residence for invalids than Nice or Mentone. The hotel there stands in the midst of a large garden and is protected from the sea by a high wall.

Our journey back over the Stelvio more than repaid us what we had lost on the previous occasion. Every peak was white and clear, and at first we were rather amused by

seeing little specks of snow upon the roadside. They then became more distinctly visible adhering to one side of the upright wooden posts by which the road was railed, and we broke them off in several places and carried them in our hands. Frantz fashioned one or two as battle axes and bore them on his shoulder. At the third Cantoniera we stopped about 12 o'clock to take some milk and eggs, and spent about an hour there. It was clean and comfortable in the interior; the host and hostess were very civil, and I understood they had six beds to let. While standing in a window overlooking the road we saw an einspänner come up and two ladies, whom I had noticed arriving at Bormio the previous evening, get out. I went down to speak to them and give them the benefit of our experience of the place, but after talking together for a few minutes they said they would not come in as their vetturino was taking them on to Sta. Maria. As we approached the top of the Pass a hail-storm came on, the road became heavy and the gradients steeper, and the snow decidedly obstructive. To spare our horse I walked a good deal all the way, and on the summit I was glad to take my place again by the side of Agnes in the carriage. As we began to descend, however, towards Trafoi, the snow became exceedingly deep and troublesome to the horse's feet, and at several points avalanches had fallen across the road, through which the carriage way was cut to a depth of ten or fifteen feet. We met several carriages coming up and step by step the state of things improved until at length Franzenshöhe came in sight. Our driver did not stop there, however, but hurried down the Pass, and the only inconvenience we suffered was from the horse shying occasionally at unaccustomed objects. We reached Trafoi about 4 o'clock, and went to see the grave (so-called)

of the lady who had been killed on the mountain. The particulars we are not likely to forget.

It was a quick descent to New Spondinig, and there we put up for the night. They gave us a good double-bedded room, but the dinner was rather scant and consisted only of a small piece of beef steak and ditto of veal cutlet. Miss Penrice and Miss Langley arrived while we were at dinner, and I went to the door to see them out of their einspänner. After dinner Agnes and I sat outside the door and witnessed some fire and rocket practice by the artillery in the fields.

August 27th.—At 9.20 A.M. we set off again for Meran. Nothing could be more agreeable than the fresh cool morning air which blew most gratefully in our faces as we drove down the valley. The sun was powerful enough to require the use of an umbrella, and prevented the air from being felt as too cold, though once or twice Frantz had to wrap his coat about him, and Miss Penrice and her niece, who left Spondinig later in the day, complained very much of the cold. We passed through several villages, and were saluted by large numbers of the population coming from Mass. The dress of the women was plain in the extreme, their coiffure consisting solely of a red handkerchief tied over the head. The men, on the other hand, were somewhat fancifully attired in large wide conical hats, green braces showing themselves like a bodice or waistcoat in front of the chest, huge leather belts ornamented with fancy work and fastened behind by an enormous silver buckle, knee breeches hardly reaching to the knee, and white or blue leggings that left a portion of the knee and ankle uncovered. Our driver did not stop anywhere, but while waiting for a few moments at Latsch we saw a house that had been burned by lightning. Nothing further worth notice occurred until we began to approach Meran

about 2 P.M. when we were struck by the singular beauty of the valley in which it is situated. This effect is enhanced by the windings of the road which swept round one side of the valley and above it. Below were the luxuriant vineyards for which Meran is famous, and high up on the slopes of the opposite hills Schloss Tyrol and other castles and ruins. Altogether it appeared to be a scene so fair, that it can hardly be matched in one's recollection. On the way to the town we met the landlord of the inn, to which our coachman recommended us, and his Kellner going out for a holiday ; so we availed ourselves of the opportunity to go to the Archduke John instead. We had nothing to regret in point of position, and we were shown to an excellent room at 3 fl. 50 the night. Between lunch and dinner we called on Dr. Künz and took a walk by the side of the Passer, and Agnes wrote a letter to Miss Story about our interview with Dr. Künz.

August 28th. Meran.—After breakfast Agnes rode with the two ladies above-named to Schloss Tyrol and back, and I accompanied them on foot. After our return from Schloss Tyrol we walked out. We paid a visit to the Protestant churchyard and saw the grave of poor Mrs. De Tourville, and about 4.30 we left for Botzen. The sun was hot at first but it soon became cooler, and we enjoyed our drive immensely. At Tulau, a famous vineyard, we saw the leaning church tower, and the lofty castle perched on a rock of Ilg Maultarch, and stopped at an inn beside the church to drink some white wine which is esteemed better than the red. Further down the valley, near Gries bei Botzen, we obtained our first view of the Dolomites, and were fortunate enough to behold them flushed with all the glory of the setting sun, and looking like two tablets of fire. On a nearer approach we saw the

Horses' Teeth, and the Rosengarten, white with new snow. A rapid drive through Gries, over the wooden bridge crossing the Talfer, past the slaughter house, and down the narrow streets, brought us with a loud cracking of whip to the door of the Victoria Hotel, just opposite to the Bahnhof.

August 29th. Botzen, Bozen, Bolzano.—Immediately before breakfast I walked to the Post Amt and got a letter from home, and after breakfast I dispatched a telegram to Cortina to ask for a room, and subsequently telegraphed for an einspänner to meet us next day at Toblack at 12 o'clock. We walked across with Miss Penrice and Miss Langley to the railway station, helped them to take tickets and saw them off for Innsbrück. Agnes and I then visited the Pfarrkirche, and proceeded to the curious Laubengasse, a street of arcades and small shops that resembled a market in an Eastern town. After dinner we visited the Nightingale in prison, ascended the Calvarienberg, and returned home very tired through the Laubengasse.

August 30th.—Left Botzen at 6 o'clock A.M. and travelled by Franzenfeste junction to Toblack. A German and his wife joined us at Franzenfeste, with whom we got on well. They came on to Toblack and ultimately to Cortina. At Franzenfeste we entered the Pusterthal, and the railroad ran by the side of the Rienz. The town of Bregenz with a monastery standing on a high rock above it, and conspicuous for a long distance, formed a very picturesque object. The railway seemed to wind round it very slowly.

At Toblack it began to rain, so on approaching the station I looked out anxiously for the expected einspänner and was very glad to find it in waiting. We got in immediately and set off for Cortina. Our driver, named Salvatore Archangelo Loretto, amused us by his style and appearance. To my great surprise we very soon passed

Landro, which, as Salvatore explained, was not “un paese”, as it consisted of only two houses, and we actually stopped to have luncheon at Schluderbach, a place which White describes as obscurely situated amongst the mountains. But in the heavy rain and mist every surrounding object continued invisible, and I heard lamentations on all sides about the absence of Monte Cristallo. The rain came on so heavily that we were obliged to remain at Schluderbach for some time after luncheon, but we started again about 3 o'clock. We had only an imperfect view of the road down to Cortina d'Ampezzo, and we arrived at the Aquila Nera about 5 o'clock P.M. There we were at first disappointed by the look of the exterior, but soon discovered that we were mistaken in our first impressions, and we had a most excellent room assigned to us. Opposite to our window was a house beautifully painted in fresco, the work of the Signore Giuseppe Ghedina, and our room was hung round with oil paintings by the same artist or his brother Luigi. We received a friendly welcome from Signor Pietro Ghedina, our host, and were attentively waited on by our chambermaid Catina. Downstairs “Sophy” was the presiding power, and smiled sweetly on all her subjects. During the rest of Wednesday, however, and the whole of Thursday the weather continued very wet, and on Thursday night the downpour was intense and forced its way through one of the staircase windows.

September 1st.—Morning fine. Mr. Beaumont recommended us to take the tour by Pieve di Cadore and Auronzo to San Marco, Lake Misurina, and Schluderbach. I engaged a carriage from Conegliano with two small horses, and we set out about 9 o'clock. Travelled by way of Acqua Buona, St. Vita, and Tai de Cadore to Pieve, where we took luncheon at the Al Progresso; visited the church

of the Crucifixion, and the church in which Titian's and other pictures are shown. We were conducted over the latter by a blind guide, and attended by a number of children and some old women. The road between Pieve and Auronzo where it approaches the Tri Ponti and between the latter and Auronzo is beautiful, particularly for its woods. We passed the road leading to Comelico on our right, and reached the Alle Grazie at Auronzo about 6 o'clock.

September 2nd.—A propitious day in our calendar, and we set out under very promising circumstances soon after 8 o'clock. Fine view of the Marmorolo all the way and the road lay through a pretty wood until we reached San Marco. Farther on the Cartwright party turned aside to go to the Val Buona and Tre Croci, while we continued our road up a long and steep ascent to Lago Misurina. All this way the view of Monte Sorapis immediately behind us was very fine and grand. On the road down from Misurina to Schluderbach one wheel of the carriage came off and greatly alarmed Agnes, who was with difficulty persuaded once more to take her seat in the dilapidated vehicle.

On arriving at Schluderbach we took luncheon, and walked to the Dürer See, from which we obtained a lovely view of the Monte Cristallo. From the back of the inn we saw the Gadini, Monte Pian, Monte Cristallo, and Monte Cristallino. In front of the house the guide pointed out to us the Croda Rossa. On our way to Cortina we passed Ospitale and Pentelstein, and saw a remarkable round hole penetrating the top of the mountain, and giving a view of the blue sky beyond. Stopped in the wonderful road formed in zigzag round the gorge of the Boita, and threw some stones to the bottom of the valley. Farther on a native shepherdess (not *à la* Dresden) suddenly accosted

us on the road and demanded a seat in the carriage. She smoked a large pipe, and in her round hat of black felt looked just like a man. We accorded her a seat on the box, into which she plumped down with extraordinary momentum, made herself very agreeable to our coachman Luigi, and finally left us at the "Two Stags."

September 3rd.—Attended divine service in the Dependence. In the morning Agnes and I witnessed the celebration of a festa (1st Sunday of the month) at the church, and I listened to a sermon in Italian on the subject of the guardian and other angels. In the afternoon we went to Belvedere or Crepa, and I returned with Agnes in her caretta. From Crepa we obtained a good view of the Bec de Mezzorti and saw the top of the Peluco.

Monday, September 4th.—Went up to Tre Sassi on mules, but unfortunately we did not obtain a good view of Marmolata. It was a very fine day, but the mountain was partly concealed by cloud.

Tuesday, September 5th.—Ghedina gave us the little spring carriage and his big mare to take us up to Tre Croci and Val Buona. It was a lovely day, and we ate our lunch most happily under an open shed used for cutting wood, while the toy axe of the young Archangelo resounded in our ears. After luncheon we had to walk for some way through a wood and crossed a stream when our worthy Giuseppe exclaimed "*Questa è Austria, è quella è Vittoria*"—thereby indicating that we had passed from the former territory into Italy. It was past 5 o'clock when we got to Schluderbach, where we were obliged to halt an hour, and a heavy dew was falling and a lovely moon rising just as we approached Cortina at a quarter past 8 o'clock.

September 6th.—Rested and walked up in the evening to Campo Laghi. Saw the Alpenglüh'n on the mountains.

September 7th.—We got up at 4 o'clock for the purpose of making an excursion to Caprile and returning the next day. The morning was cloudy, and showed no sign of clearing when we started at 6 o'clock, but everyone said it would not rain. I set out on foot before Agnes, and had reached the turn to Crepa before she overtook me. On the way I met two Englishmen who had got up at 3 o'clock or earlier to go up Tofana with a guide, but they were obliged to return as they found it impossible to see anything. They assured me that I should be in cloud before I reached the top of the Pass. Notwithstanding their prognostications I went on, and joined Agnes in her little carriage at Crepa. It was gloomy enough up to Falzorega, and we saw nothing but the road before us and the objects immediately adjoining—a great contrast to the same scene on the previous Monday. Our driver waited only a few minutes at the little Osteria, and we went on, but had not proceeded far when we saw a caretta come up to the inn in which were two ladies. They subsequently overtook us while walking down the Pass, and proved to be very agreeable *compagnons de voyage*. They had lately come from Switzerland, where they had done much walking. The elder lady had travelled a great deal both in Europe and in the East, where she injured her knee by a fall from a camel. The two were sisters, and the younger made a rapid sketch of the old castle of Buchenstein. We all halted at Audraz and lunched there, they in the balcony, we in the little *salle à manger*. Several priests came in and joined us. They looked a dirty, fatuous crew, but were very merry amongst themselves and polite towards us. After luncheon I walked up to a knoll beyond the village and obtained some transient views of the Marmolata.

A little after 2 o'clock we resumed our journey. It was for the most part a pretty road through pine woods, but the carriage track was excessively rough, and compelled Agnes either to walk or to submit to be shaken to pieces. At different points we were able to see the outline of the vast Marmolata covered with the purest snow, while below us on the right lay a lovely valley dotted here and there with villages and church spires. We were particularly struck by one small church standing quite alone in a wide expanse of grass which grew up quite close to its walls. Near Caprile the village of Lastei looked extremely picturesque perched on a headland overlooking the valley. We stopped at a farmhouse about 3.30 and had some goat's milk, and an hour after we stood upon a point from which we looked down upon Caprile, and saw the linen laid out to dry upon the shore of the river. From this we descended by a rough steep foot-path into which we were guided by a handsome peasant woman who was carrying a heavy basket of wood. When we reached the bottom of the path we saw the carriage at a distance on the main road, and in a few yards more we reached the Piazza (!) in which was situated the hotel of Signora Pezze. Like many other buildings in this part of the world the ground floor was devoted to some mean use, and only on the first floor the apartments of the hotel proper seemed to begin. The hall door and entrance hall were therefore grimy and uninviting in the extreme, but upstairs we found a clean spacious corridor off which our bedroom opened on one side, and adjoining the dining room. As we were both in need of some refreshing beverage, we ordered tea, and had two most excellent cups before dinner. In the dining room we found Gilbert and Churchill, Miss Edwards, Ball, and other books about the Dolomites. The two Miss Hardinges dined with us and

were very amusing, and subsequently two gentlemen who were staying in the house came in and had their dinner at the other end of the table. From having met them previously on the Tre Sassi I renewed my acquaintance with them, and we all got talking together. Miss Hardinge came out very strong in ghost stories, and told one such, very remarkable, about the late Bishop of Oxford.

September 8th.—We were awakened in the night by thunder and lightning and a heavy fall of rain, and though the morning was fine the bright sun and watery sky gave evidence of the disturbed state of the weather. I saw our Cortina driver at 8 o'clock and decided to go on with his horse and the little carriage to Belluno, passing the Alpe di Siusi on the way. After breakfast, however, he came to say that the horse was ill and could not go on, but that he had met a companion of his with a horse and carriage who would take me. I felt irritated and disappointed by this announcement, but I asked to be shown the proposed carriage. It was a miserable, rough, dusty, springless unpainted, wooden char—the interior filled with hay and tattered cushions. The driver of the vehicle would have made such a good model for a pre-Raphaelite Lazarus that Agnes concurred immediately in that designation for him, and if I had been Dives himself I could not have turned away more contemptuously from him and his vehicle. Che fare? I sought young Pezze to know if nothing better could be done, and upbraided my own driver from Cortina for having “ingannato” me. I then gleaned that the distance was long and that his horse could not trot—which was true enough, and subsequent experience proved that it would not have performed the journey at all satisfactorily. Finally after a long colloquy and discussion,

conducted by a village parliament under the shadow of the Lion of St. Mark which reposed on a stone column above our heads, a certain padrone was brought forth. He was a big, burly man with a fine beard and looked very honest and respectable. It was arranged that he should drive us, and that we should take Ghedina's carriage round to Cortina. His horse I had not seen, but when I inquired if it was a good one a laugh arose amongst the bystanders, indicating, as the event proved, that I had asked an unnecessary question. Never was a gamer little animal put into harness, and from the first he flew along the road. We passed the Alleghe See at the base of the Civetta and drove along a most picturesque road overhanging the Cordevole River. Before we reached Cenecinghe it began to rain pretty heavily, and while we stopped for a few moments there I opened the bundle of rugs, and made some addition to our covering. Again our little horse rolled us along, while the thunder began to peal above our heads and the rain came down in torrents, and our coachman's enormous blue umbrella arose like a mountain in front of us. Before we reached Agordo there was a violent storm of hail, and when we entered the village we saw large numbers of country-people—the day was the festa of the Nativity of the Virgin—collected under the numerous arcades seeking shelter. In a moment after we drove up to the hotel steps, but as it would be impossible for Agnes to descend there without being drenched, I suggested to our driver to take us under cover, and we boldly drove into the first aperture available—a stable, where Agnes got out comfortably. We remained some time till the rain abated and allowed us to walk to the hotel. Here Agnes was immediately accosted by a rough-looking Englishman on his way from Belluno to Caprile,

and his remarks amused her considerably. We got a very good lunch, and I made the acquaintance at the same time of Dr. Carl Göttmann, of Vienna. We were able to start again at 3 o'clock for Belluno. The appearance of our small pony with his tail tied up, and our burly driver with his fine flowing beard, and the pace at which we rattled through the streets, caused a lively emotion of amusement amongst the public, and on turning the first corner we very nearly came in contact with an advancing pole. We soon crossed a handsome bridge and saw a similar one behind us high overhead, and met a pretty peasant girl carrying a lamb in her arms exactly as represented in Murillo's picture. Our road thence lay through the site of extensive copper mines, from whence the effluvium of sulphur vapours was very disagreeable, and then by the Canale di Agordo, through some grand and savage scenery. We stopped a moment at La Stanga, but did not go to see the cascade. On emerging from the Canale we were much struck by the picturesque appearance of a range of low empurpled hills extending along the horizon, and we came soon afterwards to the site of a huge berg-fall that took place some 200 years ago. Thence to Belluno there was a pretty park-like road shaded by trees, one of which, newly broken by the storm of the morning, lay across the telegraph wires and strained them down to the ground. We reached Belluno about 6 o'clock and drove to the Duc Torri. Whilst waiting for dinner we walked out to see the town and admire the fine sunset. A booth attracted our attention, and as it promised to give a representation of the principal events of Italian history, we entered. These included such remote and unconnected occurrences as the Deluge, the Death of Julius Cæsar, the Destruction of Pompeii, etc.

September 9th.—Morning very cool. Had some difficulty in getting breakfast, but quitted Belluno in our little einspänner a few minutes after 7 o'clock. We soon had a distant view of Antelao covered with snow. A fine road leads from Belluno to Longarone and Perarollo, and we reached the latter town at a quarter to 11. As we wished to go to Pieve di Cadore, and our road did not go farther than Tai, I engaged a fresh horse to take us to Pieve, and left our own to rest for an hour and come on with his owner to meet us at Tai. Unfortunately the master of the inn at Perarollo took it into his head to drive us and made himself not a little disagreeable both to Agnes and me. We took lunch as before at the Al Progresso, visited the interior of Titian's House and the Casa Zampieri. I afterwards walked up to the ruins of the castle, which occupy a fine situation and are of considerable extent. Before we left the Al Progresso it began to rain, and we were much annoyed by our driver, who was the padrone of the inn at Perarollo, taking our carriage with all our things in it from under the shelter of the archway into the rain. I told him I did not find him "molto cortesi," and he waxed very wroth in consequence. At Tai I found our former coachman and his invaluable pony rested and in waiting, and without a moment's delay we set off for Cortina. We entirely escaped the rain, which was hovering about in all directions, and had fallen abundantly at some points of our road. At St. Vito we stopped at the Hotel Antelao to obtain some "vino nero de Conegliano" that had been recommended to us, and found it not better than the common tap. There the pony enjoyed some oats, and after a long pull uphill we entered Cortina between 5 and 6 o'clock. Two cups of tea sent up to our room by Sophy proved very refreshing,

and we dined later. Everyone was full of lamentations about the "schlechtes Wetter" and the cold, of which we soon had proof in our bodily sensations, as well as by seeing all the mountains round covered with snow.

September 10th.—Fine morning, but cold. Agnes rested, and I went to the church in time to hear the sermon preached in Italian. It was on the duty of educating children. We took a walk up the road in the afternoon, and met Dr. C. Göttmann's carriage waiting to take him to Landro. Agnes wished him good-bye. After supper we sat for some time talking with the Miss von Hofmannsthals and were greatly amused by their conversation.

September 11th.—About 1 o'clock this morning I was awakened by the screams of a woman and got up to see what the noise was about. This interfered with the regular course of my sleep, and as the porter also overslept himself, we were not called till quarter past 5 o'clock instead of 4.30. However, we dressed in a scramble and were down to breakfast at a quarter to 6, and ready to start at the appointed hour. Herr Ghedina gave us two horses to the einspänner and his brother to drive us to Toblack. Happily it was a fine morning, though cold, and the mountains, being all uncovered, presented a striking contrast to what they had been on the day of our arrival. At Schluderbach we obtained a splendid view of Monte Cristallo and Monte Popena, reflected in the Dürren See. Popena was the mountain that Grohman ascended—for the first time, as he thought—and found Tuckett's card on the top! We reached Landro at 8.30 and stayed half an hour to have coffee, which we found excellent, and as we approached it we obtained a most satisfactory view of the Drei Zinnen, which we had long before sought in vain.

The truth is they are best seen from this point. The drive home to Toblack occupied less than an hour, and we consequently arrived at the station before 10 o'clock and had to wait three-quarters of an hour for the train to be due. The fact is we need not have left Cortina till 7 o'clock and yet have had ample time for our journey. At Toblack we obtained a handsome *coupé* furnished with leg-rest, table, and looking-glass, to ourselves—an advantage that attended us only to Franzenfeste. Though the morning had been so cold, as soon as we took our seats we found the sun warm and pleasant, and it continued to shine brightly till we reached the junction, soon after 1 o'clock. Again we admired the old castle of Bruneck, so finely situated, and the many picturesque objects that adorn the course of the Trienz. We resumed our seats in the train at 2.20 to cross the Brenner. At Gossengas, the most interesting point on the route, we saw some shooting at a target; and here it unfortunately began to rain, and became very cold. We watched a train come down over the steep incline, and some of the passengers walked across the fields to meet our train at the little station on the top. Agnes stood up several times to look out of the window at the sharp curves by which we turned the flank of the huge mountain, and as we reached the summit to survey far down in the valley the station we had just left, and the winding of the riband-like railroad by which we had ascended *en zigzag*. There was a polite German gentleman—our sole companion in the carriage—who made himself very useful in pointing out the features of the road, and in moving from one side to the other of the carriage to allow us to have the best view. Amongst other things he showed us the source of the infant Eisack behind the station at Brenner,

and subsequently that of the Sill. The latter is a very picturesque stream, and we took great pleasure in watching its career as far as Innsbrück, and on the following Wednesday, when *en route* for Munich, we saw it for the last time pouring its broad sheet of water into the lovely Inn. The Eisack flows towards Botzen, and finally joins the Adige. It is along the valley formed by its course that the Brenner railway runs from Botzen to Franzenfeste. Just before reaching Innsbrück we saw the enormous Kloster of Wittau, which our informant told us was the richest in Tyrol. About 7 o'clock we arrived at the station and walked across to the Tiroler Hof. There we found a number of letters from different correspondents awaiting us—amongst others a very interesting one from Miss Story in reference to the De Tourville affair.

September 12th.—The weather presented a most unpromising appearance—the mountains above the town capped with snow, and a cold, dreary rain falling in the streets. I went to visit the Ferdinandeum or Museum. I felt much more interested in it than I expected, not only from its personal memorials of Hofer, but from the numerous excellent works of art collected within its walls. One of the latter made such an impression on me that I hastened away to bring Agnes to see it. It is a painting by Lucas Cranach called "St. Jerome in the Wilderness." The aged saint is kneeling before an upright crucifix, in the painting of which the grain of the wood where it has been cut and the rough bark are most admirably shown. The lion at a little distance is drinking from a pool, and the water dripping from his huge mouth can be seen and almost heard splashing amongst the sedge upon the brink. The scarlet hat and cloak of a cardinal laid in a large mass of colour at the foot of a tree contrasts admirably with a

light blue cloth worn by the saint and falling down from his loins, and one of the same exquisite tint around the lower part of the figure of Christ. The foliage of the surrounding forest is perfectly rendered in every detail, and the living creatures that dwell amongst the branches, such as squirrels, birds, etc., require as much care to see as if the whole were real. A robin redbreast perched on a branch above the saint's head is so carefully subordinated to the general proportion of the picture as to be hardly visible. The background is filled up by a delicate perspective of water, bridges, and castles receding into the far distance. Hung nearly opposite to the St. Jerome is a remarkably fine Terburg, a burgomaster, and not far from the latter an interesting and powerfully painted subject of Speckbacher and his little son by the Tyrolean artist F. Deffreger. In this same museum I also saw a very fine specimen of Limoges enamel of the twelfth century—the best period of the art.

September 13th.—Left for Munich at 2.30, arriving there at 6.30 P.M., and took the omnibus for the Bayerischer Hof.

Munich, September 14th.—We set off immediately after breakfast with the most determined eagerness to the Old Penakothec and remained within its walls upwards of three hours. Its contents were a new revelation to me, a gospel of glad tidings. There I saw for the first time in all their glory Albrecht Dürer, Wohlgemuth, and other early German masters, not to speak of the splendid Rubens gallery that burst on my astonished vision later on. Amongst the pictures we particularly observed were:—

1. "A Knight in Armour standing beside his Horse."
A. Dürer.
2. "Der Englische Gruss." Martin Schaffner. *Mem.*

An angel in the background is making the Virgin's bed.

3. Wohlgemuth. "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives. Judas and his band approaching."
 4. Lucas Cranach. "The Woman taken in Adultery." The vile herd around her are holding stones in their hands. Christ shows His pity by protecting her.
 5. "The Taxgatherers" (erroneously called "The Misers"). Quentin Matsys.
 6. "Portraits of Mengs and Angelica Kauffmann." The former is represented in the dress of a Capuchin monk with a white beard and a staff in his hand.
 7. Van Dyck's "St. Sebastian," and "The Body of the dead Christ resting on the Virgin's lap." Two fine examples of his early manner.
- Rubens 1. "Portrait of Lord Arundel, his Countess and Son, and a Dog."
2. "The Lion Hunt." A lion and lioness assailing a man on horseback. Wonderful movement.
 3. "The Falling Angels."
 4. "Samson in the Lap of Delilah." His hair has been cut off, and he has fallen asleep. The Philistines are entering to capture him, while a little toy dog creeps from under the couch and barks at them.
 5. "The Last Judgment." Who that has seen can ever forget!
 6. Two portraits of Helen Froment—one in a black dress with a white feather in her hat.
 7. The same. She is seated in an open portico dressed in a green velvet robe and a feathered hat of rose silk, and holds on her knee her infant son.

Nuremberg, September 15th.—After breakfasting about 11 o'clock, though the weather was still wet, we visited the church of San Lorenzo, one of the two principal churches of Nuremberg. Its two towers, one gilded and the other plain, are visible far and wide. In the interior the chief objects of interest are the beautiful Volkamer window, and the Sacramentshauslein, the latter an elegant structure of stone shooting up to a height of 60 feet and then bending over at the summit like a tall and slender plant. The artist was Adam Kraft, who has represented himself and his two apprentices kneeling under and supporting the structure, and it also displays the patron saints and arms of Hans and Christopher Imhof, the donors. According to agreement of the 25th April, 1493, the work was to be ready in three years, but it was only finished in 1500, and Kraft received for it altogether 700 gold guldens, and 70 more *als gratification*.

September 16th.—In the morning we went to St. Sebald's Kirche and Albrecht Dürer's House. In the afternoon we drove to St. John's Cemetery and to the Eiserne Jungfrau in the Laufer Thurm, the Schloss, Synagogue, etc.

The building of St. Sebald's began with the so-called Löffelholz-Kapelle, which was finished in the tenth century. It now forms the west end of the church, and contains a font which is the earliest casting in bronze of Nuremberg art; it possesses the further interest that King Wenzel of Bohemia was baptized in it the 11th of April, 1361. Farther towards the east end is an altar given by the Haller family, painted by Lucas Cranach. It represents Christ on the cross, Mary on the right hand, St. John on the left, and then Katherine and Barbara. A head of Christ over one of the side altars is said to have been painted by Albrecht Dürer, and on a pillar by the pulpit is an entomb-

ment of Christ by the same artist, a gift from Holzschuher. There is also beneath a copy of "The Last Judgment" (by Rubens), a painting by A. Dürer representing the patricians of the Imhof family. In the corner on the right stands Albrecht Dürer himself, and near him Billibald Pirkheimer and his wife. The east choir is in pure Gothic, with beautiful pillars, and was finished in 1377. In its midst stands the famous sepulchre of St. Sebald. This renowned monument was cast in bronze by Peter Fischer and his five sons—begun in 1508 and finished in 1519. It rests on twelve snails, with four dolphins at the corners, and forms a heathen temple ornamented with the twelve apostles. Twelve smaller figures are fathers of the church, then come three Christian temples, and the whole is surmounted by the infant Christ holding a globe in his hand. In the niche facing the high altar is the bust of Peter Fischer, and on an adjoining pillar there is a small Madonna cast by P. Fischer's son. The memorial tablet of the Von Tucher family prepared by Hans Holbein is also interesting. At St. John's Cemetery we were much surprised by the large blocks of stone placed over the graves and bearing inscriptions in splendid bronze characters. Remarkable amongst the latter are those on the tomb of Paumgarten, who is said to have been shot by his wife, and a skull in bronze, with the lower jaw perfectly articulated, shows the mark of the bullet in the forehead. We saw also the graves of Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs, and visited the curious Holzschuher-Kapelle in the same cemetery. From hence we returned by the route of Adam Kraft's stations which occupy the same length of way as that from Jerusalem to Calvary. The artist is said to have gone to Jerusalem and measured the precise distance. The scenes of the Passion are carved in bold relief, and the figure of Christ through-

out the series is remarkably fine. It is interesting to think what a sensation they must have made, and what enthusiasm they probably excited, when first erected here by the renowned artist ; and it is also not a little curious to reflect how little iconoclastic were the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who, though intensely Protestant and sufferers for the reformed faith, maintained all their monuments of art intact.

The next object we visited was a singular collection of instruments of punishment and torture, kept apparently in the place of its original use, the subterranean passages of the Laufer Thurm. The most remarkable was the *Eiserne Jungfrau*. From the gallery of the Schloss we obtained an excellent view of the whole of Nuremberg and the surrounding district, and saw as far as Fürth, now a handsome town, the site of a former battle between Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus. In this battle our 1st Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots, was engaged, under their famous colonel, Hepburn, on the side of the King of Sweden.

September 17th.—As we were to leave to day at 2 o'clock for Würzburg, I determined to see the Germanisches Museum in the morning, and Agnes and I took a carriage for the purpose. How much we should have forfeited if we had not done so ! To begin with that object which we saw the last, but which surpassed every other in the museum in interest—the portrait of Holzschuher by Albrecht Dürer. We had previously seen photographs of this remarkable head in the shops, but found its expression displeasing and uninteresting, so that Agnes and I were unanimous in excluding it from our collection. But now how all was changed ! The features and expression of the face were as little attractive as before, but the painting was a miracle of art. Viewed from a little distance, it was lifelike ; nearer,

every detail was perfect. The white beard, the hair, the flesh, were all painted with the most wonderful care and fidelity to nature. It seemed needless for the custodian to tell us that it could not be bought, for placed in the balance against such a gem, gold and silver would seem but dross. The other work that most interested us was a large fresco painting by Kaulbach representing the visit of the Emperor Otto III to the tomb of Karl der Grosse in the year 1000. Charlemagne had been dead close upon 200 years, and on opening his grave at Aachen now for the first time, the Emperor, with his torch-bearers and attendants, shrink back aghast at beholding the corpse of the aged monarch seated upright upon his throne, the book of the gospels upon his lap, and a sword in his right hand. The figure of Charlemagne is rendered most majestic, and the weird light of the torches adds wonderfully to the impressive effect. The imperial ornaments and insignia removed from his person on that occasion are now in Vienna, and his chair or throne in the Dom at Aachen. In this museum we also saw objects of exquisite wood-carving—some by Veit Stoss—and a wonderful table. I must also record the magnificent painted window given by the Emperor representing the story of the founding of the Kloster, which, with a similar window at the Rathhaus in Aachen, representing the Emperor himself, may well compare with any ancient painted glass.

DIARY OF A TOUR IN SPAIN, 1877.

BURGOS, VALLADOLID, SIMANCAS, MADRID, TOLEDO
THE ESCORIAL, AVILA.

SEPTEMBER 11TH—OCTOBER 9TH.

WE left home at 10 A.M. for Folkestone, arriving in Paris at 8.45. The next day we engaged *coupés fauteuils* for Bordeaux at the station of the Orleans Railway. We saw Gounod's *Faust* at the Grand Opera that evening, and the following day we left Paris at 7 P.M., arriving at Bordeaux at 7.15 the next morning. We left by another train at 8 o'clock for Biarritz. The Landes between Bordeaux and Bayonne are now very much improved, being grown over with fir timber, low brushwood, and a pretty heath, which latter gives a brilliant purple colour to the landscape. The stations on the line look neat and cultivated. The principal are Lamothe (for Arcachon), Morceaux, and Dax. At 12.25 the train reached Bayonne, beyond which there is a view of some undulated and well cultivated country, until we came to Biarritz. Here there was a pushing crowd of *cochers* contending for the honour and advantage of conveying us and our luggage.

September 15th.—I despatched a telegram to Burgos to order a room at the Fonda del Norte for the following

evening. Agnes and I then walked to the western extremity of the town and had a view of the coast round towards St. Jean de Luz. The sea was of a clear, lovely blue, save where it broke playfully in delicate white foam over the rocks in front of Biarritz. We next sat down in the most complete solitude and then took a stroll in the direction of the baths, whence exactly two years ago Freddy Bentinck had gone out to bathe, when he came with us here from Bayonne. We walked to the Casino, or rather to the adjoining *café*, drank some coffee on the terrace overlooking the beach, and listened to the music of a good string band. We were much amused by the style and appearance of the different visitors, and particularly by the unceasing movements that the Spanish ladies imparted to their fans.

September 16th.—Another lovely morning, warmer than yesterday. After breakfast at 10 o'clock we finished our packing, and left at 12 in a landau for the station. In a short time we passed St. Jean de Luz, Fuentarrabia, and San Sebastian, and they each looked charming in the bright sunlight and surrounded by the azure sea. At the latter station a respectable-looking man, who might have been a prosperous farmer, entered the first-class carriage in which we were seated, accompanied by his wife. She was a fine, handsome woman, stout, and no longer young, and immensely voluble. She talked with me in Spanish and amused us greatly by the animated manner, *accentué* by the most grotesque gesticulations and imitations, in which she described her journey when going through the Mont Cenis tunnel on her way to Rome. The noise of the engine, the crashing of the snow, and other incidents of the passage were described with wonderful life and effect.

At Irun we took leave of this good couple and proceeded to the douane to have our luggage opened and examined. The various attendants facilitated and expedited the proceeding in every way, and an ordeal about which various writers had raised our apprehensions passed over most comfortably. As there still remained half an hour before the departure of the train, we partook of an excellent dinner at the buffet. On the whole, this our first personal experience of Spain and Spaniards was most favourable, and has been strengthened by all we have since seen up to this day (19th September, Valladolid). In the train was a young Englishman who was disposed to be agreeable, and two Spaniards. Los Pasages, which we soon passed, presented a remarkable appearance from the entrance to the sea being through a very narrow channel, and the novel crowd assembled at San Sebastian amused us. The country through which we passed was also most varied and picturesque, and our fellow-traveller and countryman told us it was to be the scene of a future walking excursion on his way home.

On the way between Irun and Miranda Agnes counted twenty-seven tunnels, many of considerable length. However, we gradually drew away from the mountains, and crossing a wide plain under the light of moon and stars, we approached Burgos.

It was a quarter to 11 when we came into the station, and in a short time I was met by a *mozo* from the Fonda del Norte bearing the telegram I had sent the day before. At the hotel we were cordially received by the pleasant and good-looking young landlord and his whole staff. The room apportioned to us was satisfactorily furnished, and consisted of one large apartment in which thirteen rickety chairs muffled up in white stood arranged in the

most formal manner, and two small alcoves containing a bed each. The beds were clean and comfortable, though not above suspicion in regard to fleas, and we should have slept well if it had not been for unearthly noises in the streets, and the ever-recurring yell of the *sereno* answering to his fellow in some distant part of the town, and repeated every half-hour from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M.

September 17th.—Very fine weather and a cool, somewhat brisk wind. At 8 o'clock we were served with chocolate, water, and "azucarillos," and issued forth immediately to see the cathedral. The spires are readily discerned, though not at all imposing, but the building itself is almost obscured by the houses amidst which it stands. The approach to it from the *espolon* is more striking than that by which we came from our hotel, which led round by the back of the Constable's chapel. The approach by the Puerta del Perdon or Santa Maria, leading down from the church of Santa Agneda, is also fine.

Inside the cathedral what we most admired were the beautiful *rejas*, standing on jasper basements, the high altar, and above all the exquisite and incomparable lantern. We then visited the several chapels, and first that of the *Condestable*. It is now the property of the Duke of Frias. In the chapel itself are two noble figures reclining side by side on a tomb of jasper. They are effigies of the Constable who died when Viceroy of Castille in 1492, and his wife, "La muy ilustre Señora Doña Mencía de Mendoza, Condesa de Haro." Both the figures are of Carrara marble and were sculptured in Italy in 1540. The hands of the Constable show the veins and sinews, and at the foot of the Countess is a lapdog. By the side of the tomb is an enormous block of jasper weighing about ten tons.

In the sacristy of this chapel the old *domestico* showed

us a Magdalen by L. da Vinci, and a beautifully carved portable ivory altar that belonged to the Constable.

We next saw the chapel of Santiago, who is represented on the high altar on horseback trampling down the infidels, and the same figure is also conspicuous on the external wall of the lantern when viewed from the cloisters.

Our guide next conducted us to an apartment devoted to the preservation of the vestments, and showed one that had been worn at the Council of Basel (1431) and others very ancient and beautiful. In the New Sacristy we succeeded in seeing, after several attempts, a Christ *de la Agonia*, by Theotocopuli, il Grecco. It is painted with admirable force, though at the same time with much delicacy and reserve. On our way thither we saw El Cofre del Cid, and glanced at the alabaster tomb of Juan Cuchiller, knight tranchant to Henry III (*el Enfermo*), who sold his coat to buy his master a supper! The chapel of Sta. Anna, with its high altar of elaborate goldsmith's work, and genealogical tree of Christ, and the chapel of Sta. Tecla, with its roof of some material resembling Sèvres or Dresden china, were also most interesting. We also very much admired the finely carved choir with an effigy in marble of Bishop Maurice, an Englishman, who laid the first stone of the cathedral, together with King Ferdinand (*el santo*), July 20, 1221.

At 3 P.M. we drove to La Cartuja to see the tomb of Juan II, and Isabella of Portugal, the parents of Isabel la Católica, who had this splendid monument erected to their memory. On our way home we went to Las Huelgas and were just in time to see the sisters, some in white and some in black, come in to chant vespers in the church.

September 18th.—Very fine weather again. We got up early and went first to the Telegraph Office, whither we

were courteously conducted by a little *chica de casa*, and despatched a telegram to the Fonda del Norte at Valladolid. Thence we returned to the Plaza Mayor and its small bronze statue of Charles III ; walked in the Espolon and looked at the Arco de Sta. Maria adorned with relievos of Charles V, Nuño Rasura, Lain Calvo, Diego Porcelos, Fernan Gonzales, etc.

We then went to the church of Sta. Agneda and saw the interior and a rusty old lock affixed over the church door, and said to be that on which the Cid swore Alfonso VI that he had no hand in the death of his brother Sancho at the siege of Zamora. During the afternoon we renewed our impressions of the different objects within the cathedral, and sat for some time in the choir. This same day we also visited the Ayuntamiento, and saw the bones of the Cid and of Ximena laid side by side in a handsome walnut urn. The apartments were decorated with portraits of Ferdinand VII, Isabel II, and Alphonso, the reigning king. The old lady who conducted us through was very obliging, and I was pleased to hear her pronounce the Cid—"theed"—as broad as possible.

At 5 o'clock we took places in the omnibus going from the hotel to the railway station in order that we might see Cook's party of tourists arrive from St. Sebastian. The only other travellers with us in the omnibus were two Miss Stearns, sisters, who were travelling with a courier, but we did not speak. The next day we made their acquaintance at the Fonda de Cuebas, Valladolid, and found they were Americans, and extremely nice pleasant people. They went thence the same evening to Avila. Having seen Cook's party go off in an omnibus to the Hotel Rafaella, we returned in our own omnibus to the Fonda del Norte. Here I must not omit to note the

names of some of the female servants at Burgos—Nicolassa, Eusebia, Augustina. At 10 P.M. we again took our departure for the station and left it at 11 o'clock for Valladolid.

Valladolid, September 19th.—It was half past 2 A.M. when we drove up to El Siglo de Oro, only to find we could not be admitted, as there was no room in the fonda. My resources in Spanish were put to a severe strain, but with the help of a small Frenchman—a commercial traveller—I made my way to an adjoining fonda, where we were hospitably received. The room assigned to us was none of the best, being on the ground floor and immediately over a stable, which communicated a strong and disagreeable odour to the apartment. However, we made the best of it as a harbour of refuge, but we did not awake much refreshed by our short slumbers. We had come hither under the impression that there was to be a fair on the 20th, but in fact it was not to begin till the 22nd, and was to last four days. What to do under these circumstances was the question that distracted us. Should we wait till Saturday for the Corridas de Toros or go on to Madrid on the chance of witnessing one there?

Just before dinner I began a conversation at the door of the comedor, with the courier of the Misses Stearns, who told me they were going away the same evening at 9 o'clock, and that we might have their room. He also gave me a hint that they would be glad to talk English with us. I spoke to them accordingly before dinner, and Agnes followed suit, and they took her to see their room, for which she resolved to apply. They left for Avila at 9 o'clock, and we succeeded them in their apartment. It had a pleasant balcony facing the little theatre of Lope de Vega, and the two beds were shut off in an alcove.

September 20th.—Took a carriage with two horses and drove to several points in the town. 1.—The College of San Gregorio, which contains a lovely patio, the walls richly sculptured, amongst other objects, with the bundle of arrows and yoke which represent the “canting” arms of the King. 2.—The front of San Pablo, in a house near to which Philip II was born. This is a noble piece of work and consists of two portions, the lower Gothic, the upper Græco-Roman. It was designed by Herrera. 3.—The cathedral, a very massive unfinished building in grey granite. It was likewise designed and advanced towards completion by Herrera, when he was summoned by Philip II to the Escorial.

September 21st.—Ordered our own coachman to be in readiness at 10 o'clock this morning to take us to Simancas, distant about eight miles from Valladolid. We being still undetermined as to how long we should remain at Valladolid, or rather, having decided not to remain longer than this day, Agnes would go first to the market to buy figs, and then to the Plaza de Toros to see it. We found the latter happily open, and inspected the interior, after which we set off on our principal excursion.

After leaving the town the road passed through the Campo Grande, and thence into the open country. It is a plain bordered on one side with high hills, and we observed one remarkable ridge distinct from the rest, of a white material like chalk. The road is broad and good, and about half-way between Valladolid and Simancas we passed a large and handsome country house surrounded for a long distance on both sides of the way by vineyards. The coachman told us it belonged to a widow of a late banker of Valladolid. At different points we caught sight of the Pisuerga, a narrow, muddy river whose colour recalled

that of the yellow Tiber; and at last hove in sight what Mr. Hare calls the "tower" of the Simancas. The place, which consists of a castellated palace surrounded by a ditch, and a village of mud hovels, stands very high on the farther side of the river, which is crossed in order to reach Simancas by a long, narrow bridge of seventeen arches. Beyond this the road is bad and rises abruptly to the palace and the modest posada that confronts it. Here the carriage halted, and we went upstairs to a room in the corner of which stood a clean deal table, off which we ate our luncheon. After luncheon a little *chica* politely escorted us to the postern of the palace through which we entered into the *patio* or courtyard, and went thence upstairs. At the first room we were most graciously received by a porter, and the librarian, Nemesis Ruizdealday, soon afterwards came forward to meet us. Señor Ruizdealday was a quite modest person of very kindly bearing, and much to my surprise he immediately lighted a cigarillo and offered one to me. I imagined that fire in any form would not be tolerated in the sacred precincts of such a place. The Simancas archives are distributed throughout fifty-two rooms, and consist of about a million of documents most admirably arranged. The best account of the place will be found in our *Calendar of State Papers—Spanish—1485–1509*, compiled, with a valuable introduction, by the late Herr Bergenroth.

Amongst the curious and unique papers we saw were sundry letters of Charles V and Philip II, one from mad Joanna of Castile, and one most beautifully written from Ignatius Loyola to the Catholic sovereigns. There was also a letter of Mary Stuart written in French from "Chefield" to Philip II. It was in a good large bold hand. In the same case was a plan of the battle of

Lepanto sent by Don John of Austria to Charles V. I was also shown, at my own request, the last letter sent by Titian to Charles V. Titian was then 99 years of age, and the letter was not in his handwriting, but only bore his signature. On our leaving the palace we returned to the hotel and there saw a man—a muleteer—whose hands were enlarged from his birth to the most extraordinary degree.

It was only when we came back to Valladolid that we heard of the great merits of the approaching corridas, and of Frascuelo's fame as an espada, which determined us to remain to witness them on the following day.

September 22nd.—A wet day, the first we have had since we left England, and a bad prospect for the expected corridas at 3 P.M. The toreros had arrived at 1 o'clock this morning, and on hinting to our worthy landlady that I should like to see Frascuelo, she ushered me without more ado into his room. There I found him with several others, the maestro de toros, the espada and his son, etc., who all made me welcome, and I rushed off immediately to fetch Agnes. No sooner had I introduced her to the company than Frascuelo opened the chest of drawers that stood close by and took out, one after the other, his splendid suits of silk jackets, trousers, waistcoats, and cloaks, all richly embroidered in gold and silver. One very handsome mantle in particular was a present from Miss Murietta.

The day continued wet throughout. In the evening we went to the theatre De las Comedias, a small house in the Plazuela of the same name, which had announced a series of performances to be conducted on the severest principles of morality. The sensible odours of the entrance, and indeed of the interior, reminded one of the old Globe Theatre at Blackfriars in Shakespeare's time, when the audience called out for branches of myrtle to be burned in

order to neutralise the prevailing smells. The first piece was fairly well acted on the men's part, but the two female performers were as unprepossessing as a pair of those famous steeds that we afterwards saw in the bull ring.

September 23rd, Sunday.—A bright, dry, cold morning, and our hopes of seeing a bull-fight improved accordingly. Soon after breakfast Señor Narcisso da Cuesta, son of a banker of Valladolid, called to pay his respects. I met this young man the day before when going to his father's office to change a circular letter, and as he speaks English made acquaintance with him. This morning he proposed to take me to the Club or Cercle, which forms part of the same building as the theatre Calderon de la Barea. The receding rooms are long and narrow. The *Times*, *Daily News*, and *Illustrated London News* are taken. Adjoining the reading-rooms is a magnificent ball-room, which was in a state of preparation for a grand ball to take place the same night, at which a thousand people were to assemble.

I returned to Agnes soon after 1 o'clock, and at a quarter to 2 we set out in a carriage for the Plaza de Toros. Already, however, a large crowd was moving in the same direction, and a good deal of squeezing took place before Agnes got through the gateway. We found the officials, as usual, most obliging, and the Maestro de Toros met me at the enclosure and took me across the arena to see the bulls. However, the man who was in charge of the animals could not be found, and my curiosity had to go unsatisfied.

While behind the scenes my eye caught a quaint inscription surmounting a small refreshment bar :—

*Hoy no se féa aquí,
Mañana sí.*

(No credit to-day,
To-morrow, I may.)

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE BULL-FIGHT,
OR CORRIDAS DE TOROS.

No. I. The crowd from its noise reminded one immediately of the Derby. The same confused mass of sound was constantly surging around one, and an Englishman suddenly led in there blindfolded would infallibly say he was at a large race meeting. He would hear no one, it is true, shouting out "the correct card" and no book-maker offering "six to one bar one," but the vast indistinct murmur of a sea of human voices was the same.

Its aspect, again, was highly picturesque, from the great variety of colour embodied in the dresses and head-dresses of the people. The most perfect good-humour prevailed. In the box next to ours was a party of Spanish ladies accompanied by two young boys, and attended by a manservant in livery. Two of the ladies were very handsome. Though the weather was decidedly cold, they wore only black silk dresses and mantillas of costly white lace.

No. II. The entrance of a sort of herald dressed in the slouched hat, velvet coat, etc., of Van Dyck's portraits, well mounted, holsters and stirrups of silver, and the horse's bridle ornamented with silver, made a good appearance. He came to demand permission of the President for the opening of the corridas, and he afterwards galloped once or twice round the arena.

No. III. The procession, formed of the foregoing and the whole company of espadas, picadors, bandarilleros, and chulos, advancing from the opposite side of the arena to the President's box to make their salutations to him, was extremely picturesque. They were all dressed in gala costume, and having bowed to the Lord Paramount, not a moment was lost in casting aside their superfluous mantles,

which were eagerly taken in charge by some of the crowd seated without the barrier, and dispersing to their several posts. At the same time a brass band stationed opposite to the President's box played some appropriate music.

No. IV.

"An instant's repose—
The cataract's stillness
Ere it leaps below."

The door through which the herald and the troops of mules retire is closed ; all eyes are fixed upon a man who advances timidly to unbolt another ; the bolt is withdrawn, the door thrown widely open ; our eyes peer for an instant into the black vault within ; and in another out dashes the bull, flaunting the full glare of daylight, the noise, and the brilliant colours massed around him in the arena. His first impulse is to attack the nearest horse, which he probably gores to death by piercing him with his horns under the chest, and the red drops fall, *not*

"Like the first of a thunder shower,"

but in a perfect flood, visible, almost audible to the spectators as it pours to earth and saturates the sand below. It is but the prelude to the death of the poor inglorious beast,

"Butchered to make a Spanish holiday,"

who then totters and falls with his rider amidst the joyous yells and vociferations of the crowd.

In the encounter the bull has probably received a well-delivered thrust in the neck from the sharp, thick lance of the picador, and retires with his withers wounded and gory. It is now the cue of the chulos to divert his attention from the prostrate man and horse, which they do by carrying their brilliant flags in front of him and inducing him to pursue them.

Next a fresh picador advances to meet the exultant foe, mounted on a steed the reverse of "fiery and untamed,"

inasmuch as he requires to be blindfolded over one eye, to be led by the bridle, and bastinadoed on his hind legs before he can be made to "screw his courage to the sticking place." If the bull is a good one he attacks this horse also without an instant's hesitation and despatches him, either in the previous fashion, or by catching him in the flank and embowelling him. "The more the merrier" seems to be the motto of the crowd as regards the number of horses slain, for as each fresh victim falls, their shouts of exultation are redoubled.

After a series of encounters between the picadors and the bull, varied with the unceasing play of the chulos, who draw him in every direction by unfurling their silk banners before and around him, the animal becomes visibly tired. He declines to repeat his assaults on the unfortunate horses, and would willingly fly from his tormentors if he could. He shows this by lowing piteously, by instinctively seeking, and forcing his head and body behind, the barriers which serve as a protection to the men.

When this stage of exhaustion has been reached, the banderilleros come upon the scene, constituting incident No. V.

The banderilla (literally a small flag) resembles an arrow in form, and consists of a sharp dart at one extremity, while the shaft carries a feather-like ornament made of white, green, or pink paper. The ordinary banderillas seem to be about a foot and a half long, but occasionally they use some half that length. The banderillero, holding two of these in his hands, now takes a position full in front of the bull, but at some distance off, throws his arms aloft so as to attract the beast's attention, and challenges him to come on. After regarding his new adversary for a moment, and waiting perhaps for some further incitement

from the chulos before he makes the assault, he dashes forward, the banderillero springs adroitly to one side, and *en passant* plants his two barbed weapons in the bull's neck. This is in every instance a clever, graceful, and dangerous feat, and if neatly done always elicits the involuntary homage of applause. The bull evidently resents this new liberty that has been taken with him, and tries by a vigorous shake of his mane and shoulders to dislodge the offending thorn in the flesh, but he has not much time to think about it before a fresh banderillero steps forward to repeat the indignity. Six of these darts are usually planted in the same manner in the bull's neck, and once we saw them mounted with some detonating substance that exploded with a succession of reports in the poor animal's flesh, but without apparently adding either to his pain or excitement.

This terminates the fifth scene, and No. VI follows as the cry of "Toro!" "Toro!" arises from the crowd, which means that the unfortunate subject in the arena is not making sufficiently rapid progress, and that further advice must be called in. This is always at hand in the persons of the eminent espadas, Frascuelo and Chicorro, and one of them, let us say the former, steps forward in his handsome dress, stands cap in hand in front of the President's box, and makes a short speech. He demands permission to despatch the bull and promises to do so in a manner that will reflect honour on the present company and on the pueblo of Valladolid, whose deputy he affects to be. We are by a fiction in the presence of a terrible monster who is ravaging the country, devouring our wives and families, and rendering himself generally disagreeable to a quiet and inoffensive population. Here is a new St. George, radiant and handsome as Perseus, come forth to do

his business. (N.B.—If the bull could be heard on the other side, I wonder what would be his view of the situation!)

However, fortified by the *permissu superiorum*, Perseus flings his cap jauntily to the admiring crowd, which prizes the custody of it most highly, and proceeds to the *combat à l'outrance*.

The *technique* of the espada's art it is impossible for any but a proficient to describe. It is evident, however, that it is all reduced to a system as defined as that of *tierce et quart*, and though it would require some study to understand the various manœuvres adopted by the espada, yet we soon saw enough to comprehend their *rationale*. Before this stage, which I may call No. VII, is reached the bull has been reduced to a state of considerable exhaustion. He is bleeding, breathless, bewildered, and his jaded brain and senses are readily enough concentrated on the scarlet flag of the player. This seems, in fact, to occupy his whole attention; he lowers his head to gaze upon it with the obtuse, dull expression to which his name has given rise, *Βουβαρος* = heavy as an ox; and he gradually loses all perception of the man who carries it and his fatal sword. With this in his right hand, and the flag in his left, he seizes a favourable moment while the animal's head is lowered, to plunge the glittering steel into his back between the shoulder and the spine. If the blow has been well delivered the sword pierces the aorta or the heart, and the animal falls, not unfrequently bleeding from his mouth. But this dramatic termination seldom takes place except in the hands of a first-rate performer, like Frascuelo. Again and again on the first day at Valladolid Chicorro failed to strike home; and at Madrid we saw Currito and Cara Ancha repeatedly miss the final *coup*. The latter,

who is a short man, made six attempts unsuccessfully to despatch the bull.

No. VIII. With a short dagger he is pithed, and a team of mules then drags off his body—as Achilles dragged that of Hector behind his chariot to the Grecian camp. Such treatment is indeed the symbol of complete subjugation, and no scene can present life and death in more striking contrast.

September 24th.—This was a more genial day than yesterday, and in consequence we found the corridas more enjoyable. About 2 o'clock Agnes and I walked to the Plaza de Toros, and we left again before the last bull was slain. On reaching our hotel we saw the whole company of the chief espadas and banderilleros arrive amidst a crowd of admiring gamins.

Having dined and packed up our things, I asked for the bill and paid it ; but just as we were about to start the young landlord came to inform me, “*Que se ha equivocado sobre la nota,*” and charged for only one person instead of two. The terms were 40 reals a day each, being equal to about 8s., and for the six days we had been in the house he had made out a bill for only 240 reals. I accordingly paid him another 240 reals, and we left by an omnibus at 9 o'clock. On our way to the station we saw the electric light blazing from a high wooden tower erected for the purpose, and illuminating far and wide the Campo Grande and the Calle de Santiago. At the station I found a dense, confused, noisy crowd, and having left Agnes in the omnibus, I made my way with some difficulty to the counter on which *il equipaje* was to be deposited. Having left this in the charge of the excellent little coachman of the omnibus, I made my way to the other extremity of the long apartment to strive for tickets, and

in the bustle I asked for tickets to Madrid, instead of to the Escorial! Never had I less reason, as events proved, to regret a mistake.

In the carriage into which we got was a baby with its parents and two nurses; at Medina del Campo a priest and his friend got into the same carriage, and soon after a young man endeavoured to force his way in and establish a footing in the same compartment. But we all resisted and turned him out. I talked a good deal to the priest, who was travelling from the Eaux de Torines, near Salamanca, to the south for his health. He told me he was a Jesuit, and I learned from him that the railway had been opened to Salamanca some fifteen days before.

September 25th.—About 6.30 this morning Agnes awoke me to look at the Escorial, and I first caught the outline of its huge form from the window of the passing train. Again it became visible before and after we reached the station, but from the station itself the view of it is obstructed by a long stone building at a little distance intended to serve as a café. On we went—for my part not regretfully, as I thought an entire day passed at the Escorial would be somewhat too much of a good thing—and admired greatly the intervening landscape between it and Madrid. The air was exquisitely clear and fresh, and the country, though wild and barren, is interspersed here and there with timber, and finds an appropriate and picturesque background in the long line of light blue Guadarrana hills. Near Madrid, too, the fields began to be cultivated, and we saw several large flocks of sheep, so that we were at a loss to discover, on this side at any rate, the reason for the withering sarcasm with which some writers speak of the immediate surroundings of the Spanish capital.

At the station, which we reached about 8.30 A.M., the crowd of passengers was enormous, and the supply of vehicles in attendance, designated *servicio publico*, heterogeneous and innumerable. We were met by an interpreter belonging to the Hotel de Paris and, after considerable delay in obtaining our luggage, we at length set off in an omnibus drawn by four fine horses gaily decorated with red worsted trappings on their collars and bridles.

It is at first a stiff ascent to the town, but the way is relieved by a handsome arch, under which we passed, as well as by a large new building, a barrack, on the left, by the distant prospect obtained from the high ground, and farther on by glimpses of the royal palace. From the Calle del Arsenal we at last emerged into the renowned Puerta del Sol, and were carried beyond it for a moment again, to be set down at the principal entrance of the Hotel de Paris in the Calle de Alcalá.

I selected a very good room on the third floor, divided by a partition into a bedroom and sitting-room, for which we were to pay—board included—140 reals a day, equal to £1 9s. 4d., or 14s. 8d. each. In this, however, our cup of coffee or chocolate in the morning was not included. At Valladolid we had paid 40 reals a day each for everything, and here the charge was just three-quarters more nominally, but counting the chocolate in the morning it came to 74 reals a day each, against 40 reals at Valladolid. At the same time, the superiority of the accommodation in the Hotel de Paris was quite in the same proportion.

Our first visit to Madrid was to a fan shop at the corner of the Puerta del Sol and Calle del Carmen, where Agnes bought her fan with a representation of the *cogida* to Frascuelo in July last. Thence we went to a lace shop in

the same street, where we found that article astonishingly dear ; and we next took a closed carriage and drove to the triumphal arch and some way on the road towards the Plaza de Toros. Afterwards we returned and drove along one side of the Prado from the fountain of Cybele to another fountain, and home to the hotel to dinner.

September 26th and 27th.—In the morning we visited the museum, and in the evening went to the Teatro de la Comedia in the Calle del Principe. The latter is an exceedingly pretty theatre, and Agnes and I were much amused by the principal piece, *La Independencia*, and by the dancing that followed. With respect to the dresses of the performers in the dance, one could not help asking what would the Lord Chamberlain say if anything of the kind were attempted in London.

During our stay in Madrid we spent more time in the Museo Real or Picture Gallery than elsewhere, and I shall record now the varied impressions we carried away from it.

In the first place I would say that of all the painters represented there Velasquez stands supreme—towering like some Alpine summit above all surrounding peaks, and ever inviting the gaze of the beholder to rest upon it by its singular strength and majesty.

Next to the great Spanish master undoubtedly comes Titian, and to pursue my previous simile, the two stand together like Pelneo and Antelao, hugely conspicuous in the long mountain chain. To compare them with Murillo, and comparison is inevitable, I would say, in the lines of Goldsmith—

“As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

And of this eternal sunshine Murillo is the embodiment. Nothing severe, nothing awful, nothing terrible is seen in his pictures. He loves to paint some simple incident, and by marvellous skill he invests it with undying beauty, and raises it to the dignity of the sublime. Such is the lovely picture of St. John and the infant Christ with the shell; Santa Anna teaching the Virgin to read; the Virgin conferring the chasuble on San Ildefonso; the Adoration of the Shepherds, in the Sala de Isabella. Even the famous picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary cleansing the lepers, though representing a repulsive scene, raises the subject above its material earthly aspect, and fills one with a sense of the love and self-denial that shine in the countenance of the principal figure. The same love of pure beauty and "eternal sunshine" is illustrated in most of his works at the Museo Real; and in addition the two pictures in the Academia of San Fernando, representing a Roman senator founding the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, are invested with great dignity and grandeur.

Velasquez is best represented in—

1. Don Balthazar Carlos, son of Philip IV, on his Guadarrana pony.
2. Philip himself on horseback.
3. The Queen riding her old white palfrey.
4. Duke Olivares on horseback.
5. The surrender of Breda.
6. The Crucifixion—a sublime work, in which the hair on one side of Christ's head falls down over the face.
7. "Los Borrachos" is also a famous picture.

Titian stands supreme in his grand equestrian portrait of the Emperor Charles V. This is really a sublime work of art, which impresses one like a vision from the Apoca-

lypse. The Emperor, painted in the armour of a Roman soldier and mounted on a magnificent charger, is seen emerging from the deep background of the picture into the glow of a distant but rich Venetian sun, which serves to light up his features, fixed and compressed by some great determination. His armour, the plume of his helmet, and the trappings of his splendid horse, are all rendered with consummate effect.

The apotheosis of the Emperor, in which he and his son Philip II, with their wives, are presented kneeling before the heavenly powers, is also a splendid picture. Titian has introduced his own portrait on one side, and this was the last object that met the dying eyes of Charles at Yuste.

I must add the name of another picture to the above list of Velasquez's chief works—one which it is impossible to forget—called “*Las Meninas*.”

The Sala de Goya—on an upper floor—contains a series of original pictures by that master, who was court painter to Charles IV. They are derived entirely from scenes and incidents of Spanish life, and we afterwards saw several of the subjects reproduced in the beautiful tapestries of the Escorial. One of the most dramatic of the series is that representing the Duchess of Alva in the society of toreros, while her husband, disguised as a torero, is stealthily observing her from beneath his broad Spanish hat. This whole series of pictures has been executed with wonderful force, and one cannot see them without feeling refreshed by the painter's originality and power. The portrait of Goya as an old man is very striking, and several times attracted our notice in the Museo. We also saw it subsequently engraved on the banknotes.

In the Escuela Española—a large apartment on the

right of the entrance hall—we were much interested in seeing portraits of Mariana, the second queen of Philip IV. She is represented at first as young and laughing, and afterwards in widow's mourning.

There is also in this Sala a remarkable painting of an *auto-da-fé* in the Plaza Mayor at Madrid. Charles II, his young wife, Marie d'Orléans, and the Queen Mother are represented looking on from a balcony, and it is therefore the same scene as that described by Mr. F. D. Mocatta in his little work on the Inquisition in Spain.

September 28th and 29th.—It rained very heavily on both these days, and on the afternoon of the latter there was a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by quite a tropical torrent of rain. About 5 o'clock I went out to inquire at the *poste-restante* for a letter, and on my way home I was obliged to take refuge in a house for fifteen or twenty minutes. During my absence Agnes saw the King pass, attended by a cavalcade of soldiers, on his way, as we afterwards learned, to the church of the Atocha. After repeated endeavours on my own part as well as by the two interpreters belonging to the Hotel de Paris I failed to obtain the above letter, which had been posted at Aix-les-Bains, and fell a victim either to the dishonesty or to the stupidity of the Spanish Post Office.

September 30th.—The morning was very fine, and agreeable to a previous resolve, we hired a small open carriage and drove to the Calle de Madera in order to attend the Protestant service which is held in a church in that street. It is out of the Calle de la Paz, and just as we reached the Calle de Madera, and were in doubt as to which way we should turn, a man approached and spoke to us in English. He said he saw we were English and wished to help us in finding our way. Thereupon I explained to him what I

wanted, and he directed our cocheró how to proceed. We stopped before a door where was standing a young man dressed in black, and he motioned to us to go in. The service had already begun, though the building was by no means filled, and we advanced towards the altar and took our places. In all I should say that there were from 300 to 400 persons present, and, before we left, quite 500. They were of the poorer classes of both sexes, with a sprinkling of well dressed men and women. They seemed to perform their devotions in a spirit of entire reverence and piety, not unlike a similar class in our churches at home. One old lady who knelt just behind us favoured us with her well worn hymn-book, and she chanted the hymns given out without its assistance. The clergyman delivered an impressive and forcible discourse, chiefly on the honour due to the name of God, and reprobated the profane use of the most sacred names so common amongst the Spanish people. He also made a collection for the sick poor which was well responded to, and administered the Holy Communion. Altogether I look upon the congregation at the Calle de Madera as a nucleus of genuine Protestantism in Spain.

We had kept our carriage waiting during the service, and immediately after we drove to the Plaza Mayor and the church of San Isidore in the Calle de Toledo. The latter is a very fine large church and was illuminated just then by an enormous number of candles. In the centre of the Plaza Mayor there is a fine equestrian statue of Philip III. The horse is unusually fat and heavy, but yet a noble animal, and from every point of view the work is in striking contrast with similar productions at home.

The Plaza itself is a square, with a neat, open garden, and some trees surrounding the central statue. It is built in arcades, which must form a nice sheltered promenade in

hot weather, with shops underneath. At one of these Agnes stopped to buy some common lace from a small boy, and I should have come away less my full change by half a peseta if the boy had not very honestly stopped me while he went to seek change in an adjoining tienda.

We next drove to a house said to have been once inhabited by the Catholic sovereigns and called Las Vistillas. We came upon the quarter in which it stood, which bears the same name, but the house itself we were unable to distinguish. In our wanderings, however, we were more than recompensed by the sudden apparition, through an opening between the houses, of the exquisite campagna that surrounds Madrid. Agnes compared it with that of Rome, but it seemed to me clearer and more extensive, while the hue of the atmosphere that overspread it was of a rich purple. Having sated our eyes with this glorious view, lighted up and warmed by a brilliant sun, we returned by the iron bridge near the palace to our hotel. Just as we drove up to the door I recognised Miss Stearns seated in a handsome landau, her sister and Fontanières having gone into the hotel to inquire for us. They had kindly called to ask us to take a drive with them, a proposal to which we at once assented by transferring ourselves from our little carriage to theirs. Curious to say, though we had been nearly a week in Madrid, and imagined that we had fully explored it, this drive revealed quite a new world to us. Having gone in the first instance through the fair, in the direction of the Atocha, and returned, the carriage was driven up a hill leading to some high ground on the left. This was the Prado, the real Prado, and commanded a glorious view of the country all about Madrid. It is well laid out and planted, and the drives are broad and handsome. On one

side of the principal drive is the entrance to the Zoological Gardens, which I went in to see. They are small and ill kept, and the beasts occupying them looked miserably ill. When I remarked on the condition of a gaunt, half-starved, mangy lion, who would have made a capital illustration for one of *Æsop's Fables*, I was told that he had the fever!

While the carriage was standing in front of the "Zoo," the Misses Stearns were accosted by their friend, Madame San Juan, a fine handsome woman of a pronounced Spanish type. She came up and kissed each of them with effusion, and then got into their carriage, and talked for some time. She had been driving in a very well appointed carriage with two young ladies who went into the gardens, while I followed, and I found one of them, from Buenos Ayres, spoke English.

Another most pleasing discovery reserved for us to-day was the *Café Rustico*, situated in a charming spot, where we took *café* and I smoked. The interior is fantastically decorated in a somewhat Chinese style, and was formerly much used by the royal family as a place to dine or lunch. Finally we descended to the fashionable drive, where from 5 to 6 o'clock an immense number of carriages, and not a few riders, assembled *pour se promener*. We joined the gay crowd and did not return to our hotel till after 6 o'clock. In acknowledgment of this kind attention on the Misses Stearns' part, and from a sense of gratitude for the real and unexpected pleasure they had given us, I offered to take them the next evening to the theatre.

October 1st.—We spent the morning in having our photographs taken at Laurent's, in choosing fans, and in visiting, with ever fresh pleasure, the museum. In the evening I took our two friends to the Teatro de la Comedia, the

pieces represented being *Servir para Algo* and *Los Niños y los Locos*. The former was pretty but slight and founded on a highly improbable incident, that of a young gentleman and a young lady having been shipwrecked and left alone together on a desert island. The situation gives occasion to them to compare their respective acquirements, and to much recrimination at the want of useful qualities which they eventually discover. Hence the title, *Servir para Algo* = to be of some use. After all they had been wrecked, not on a desert island as they supposed, but on the shores of the Spanish province of Valencia. The latter piece was unfortunately unintelligible and uninteresting. Another circumstance also contributed to spoil my enjoyment of the play. We were seated in the stalls or *butacas*, not far from the orchestra, and a heavy, stale, somewhat offensive odour hung about us all the evening. The length of the various *entr'actes* seemed interminable, and the dancing was greatly inferior to what Agnes and I saw on a previous evening. Before I left our hotel to go to the Misses Stearns', Agnes and I met Mr. Higgins, Q.C., and his friend Mr. Beauclerk, and enjoyed a little talk with them.

October 2nd.—A lovely morning, which made me discontented that we had not gone with Messrs. Higgins and Beauclerk to Toledo. If it had not been for my engagement to take the Misses Stearns to the theatre, and the late hours that it involved, we should certainly have done so. However, we were well pleased to fall back on our unfailing resource the Museo de Pinturas, and determined if the weather lasted fine to make the excursion to Toledo to-morrow.

October 3rd.—Got up at 5.30 A.M., so as to be ready to leave by the 7 o'clock train for Toledo. The morning

looked somewhat damp and gloomy, and the sky continued cloudy till we got to Aranjuez, but after that the sun shone out and gave an earnest of the splendid day that followed. The country between Madrid and Aranjuez is in one respect the counterpart of that which lies between Dan and Beersheba. It was, therefore, not refreshing to look upon, but at Aranjuez station the sight of the Jarama river and the green trees upon its banks again raised the spirits. We also saw at the station, piled up in large numbers, enormous jars called *tinajas*, in which the wine is set to ferment. A short way between Castillejo and Toledo the railway was broken in consequence of an embankment having been carried away by the late violent rains. On reaching this spot we were obliged to leave our carriage and walk a considerable distance to the train that awaited us on the other side. A *muchacho* turned up, who took my bag, so that I was able to take charge of Agnes, and as the weather was so fine we found the walk and the curious scene rather an agreeable change than otherwise. The next object of interest that we discerned in the landscape was the yellow Tagus, as it flows down to lave the once imperial walls of Toledo. The course of the railway is not far from its left bank, so that we saw it for some time very distinctly and not without a certain sensation on beholding so near its origin a river whose name had been familiar to me from childhood. At length, looming in the distance on the right, and towering above all the surrounding plain, I caught sight of the Alcázar of Toledo, with the renowned city itself nestling at its base. Agnes, whom I summoned to the carriage window to share the first sight of the object of our pilgrimage, "did not think it looked much," but what is so deceptive when seen from a distance as a city?

In a little time, however, we were to stand within its walls, and I thought it best till then to reserve our judgment.

At the station the train was awaited by at least half a dozen well-horsed omnibuses, and amidst a babel of tongues and solicitations I took two places in that of the Hotel de Lino. While we were passing from the station to the omnibus I was accosted by a tall, dark, gaunt, and somewhat shabby-looking schoolmaster of a man who described himself as a guide. I persisted, with some rudeness, I fear, in disregarding his attentions, but he finally perched on the front seat of the omnibus by the side of the driver, and tried to instruct us in the topography of Toledo by speaking through the closed window. I still turned a deaf ear to his appeals, and at the hotel I refused to let him carry my bag. The poor man at length assumed an air of offended dignity and haughtily demanded a card or *tarjeta* that he had put into my hand at the station. It bore the name of Fernan Sanguin, guide, and I returned it to him without prejudice. The Lino has a goodly courtyard with a neat wooden balcony above it, and we ascended a flight of wooden steps to the first floor. In the *comedor* a good breakfast was served, after some delay, consisting of *tortilla*, eels from the Tagus, mutton cutlets, excellent water-melon, and delicious grapes. Before we sat down I learned from three young artists who had come there to sketch, that a guide would be necessary in order to see the place in the time at our disposal, so I went out to the landing and engaged our friend Sanguin at 24 reals. A French couple who were at breakfast subsequently asked to join us, at an advance to our guide of 6 reals more. We then set out, on foot, as there is unfortunately no other means of traversing the narrow, steep streets

bequeathed to posterity by the Moors. From the first step to the last we were met everywhere by evidence of their rule—in the gratings of the windows, the peculiar nails upon the doors, the inscriptions on the walls, and lastly the very names of the streets, as the Taller del Moro opposite the cathedral. More especially did we admire the beautiful synagogue of Santa Maria la Blanca, with its Cordoba-like columns and its roof of the cedar of Lebanon ; the palace of the Moorish kings, tenanted by a solitary *chica*, looking as pretty as Miss Gunning at her washing-tub, more picturesque than Mrs. Alfred Mellon in the opening scene of *The Shaugraun* or *Rip van Winkle*—I forget which—and as innocent as a Madonna of Murillo's ; the church of San Juan de los Reyes, hung outside with the chains of the Christian captives liberated at Granada, and ornamented inside with the most lovely florid Gothic ; its cloisters, where the boughs and tendrils of the living vine caressed the stone portals, carved into forms as fresh and delicate as themselves ; and the beautiful church, now a museum, built by Samuel Levi, treasurer to Peter the Cruel. On the gate of the palace of the Moorish kings we observed a large knocker of bronze placed higher than the ordinary hand could reach, and when Agnes made me ask why it was put there, the answer was significant—it was only for the horsemen.

At length we came to the crowning glory of Toledo, the epitome of its history, the highest embodiment of its art, the imperishable monument of its now faded grandeur. We stood in presence of the cathedral, facing the western door, and saw on one side a finished and on the other an unfinished tower. When we entered the cathedral the priests were just beginning to chant vespers, which reminded me of the famous scene described by Gibbon

in his opening chapter ; but the sounds of their voices had otherwise a soothing effect, and made one long to linger, like the echo, amongst those glorious columns.

The dimensions are as follows :—

Whole interior length	395 feet.
Breadth	178 „
Width of nave between columns	51 „
Height	113 „
Number of columns	88 „

Nôtre Dame de Paris.

Length	400 feet.
Breadth	110 „
Nave between columns	48 „

Westminster Abbey.

Length	505 feet.
Breadth	75 „
Nave between columns	38 „

Amongst the details of the building, what we most observed and admired were :—

1. The Muzarabic Chapel. This stands beneath the unfinished tower ; the walls are ornamented with spirited frescoes of battles, and over the altar stands a beautiful mosaic of the Virgin and Child, in which the latter holds a long crozier-like staff, with which he pierces the head of the serpent. It was executed in Rome and cost £4,000.
2. The exquisite screen around the high altar, one side of which was wickedly removed in order to afford a space for the tomb of Cardinal Mendoza.

3. The chapel of the De Lunas, where we rested for a time, listening to the chanting of the choir.
4. The Sacristia Mayor, ornamented with exquisite woodwork carved by Berruguete and his pupils, and hung round with portraits of the bishops and archbishops of this famous see. Amongst them we remarked the contrast in the faces of Ximenes and Mendoza—the latter coarse and vulgar, the former refined, spiritual, commanding, and high-bred.
5. A Gothic tabernacle with a beautiful relief of San Ildefonso receiving a chasuble from the Virgin. We were shown the spot marked with a circle in the floor of the cathedral on which her foot rested, but the veritable stone itself has been taken up and enclosed in a grating within the shrine.

*Quando la Reina del cielo
 Pusó los pies en el suelo
 En esta piedra los pusó
 De besarla tened uso
 Para mas vuestro consuelo.*

(When Heaven's Queen to earth had flown,
 Her feet she placed upon this stone ;
 To kiss it oft is well, I trow,
 If greater comfort you would know.)

This is a favourite Spanish legend and has been immortalised in the picture of Murillo. Saint Ildefonso was a native of Toledo and primate of the see in the seventh century.

6. We saw where a portion of the old Moorish mosque was built into the wall of the present cathedral.

On leaving the cathedral we ascended to the Alcázar, but Agnes was obliged to turn back on account of the

steep climb. I had only a glimpse into its courtyard, which a large number of workmen were employed in restoring. The view from that spot over the Tagus and the country beyond was very striking and recalled many associations. At 4 o'clock we returned to the Fonda de Lino, paid our bill, and walked round to the Plaza, where we took the omnibus for the railway station. The train left at 5 o'clock, the evening was lovely, and we reached our hotel about 9.30.

*October 5th.**—An auspicious morning. Soon after 7 o'clock we started in a *coche chico* for the railway station, and by half past we had booked ourselves for the Escorial and back. We had just entered our carriage, when a tall, dignified-looking elderly gentleman and his wife, both *forasteros* like ourselves, presented themselves, and I assisted the lady to ascend. They were M. and Madame P. de Tchihatchef, he a Russian, she Scotch; but she was most prepossessing in manner and appearance and spoke English without the slightest accent. We could not have fallen upon two more instructive and agreeable fellow-travellers. M. de Tchihatchef had worked in early life in the diplomatic service in the East, was a great friend—like a son—of Alexander von Humboldt, and had published a valuable work in eight volumes on the natural history of the Troad. He is a *Conseiller d'État* of his S.M. the Emperor of Russia, and a member of the French Institute. He and his wife live in Florence, but were then on their way to the South of Spain and Algeria.

We made merry over the slow speed of the train, which, as we afterwards learned, is called the *carreta*, properly a long cart drawn by two oxen. About 10 we reached the Escorial station and saw a good selection of genuine

* The account for October 4th is omitted.

Spanish beggars, while we sat in the omnibus that was to take us to the palace. Théophile Gautier has described those fellows as "*la sublimité du haillon*," but the phrase is an invention, as they suggest nothing but what is loathsome and repulsive. At the Hôtel Miranda we breakfasted and took a guide—half Italian, half Corsican—to conduct us through the palace. We first entered the royal apartments, which consist of a series of small rooms situated in the handle of the gridiron. The best things they contained were tapestries after Goya, many of which were really beautiful, and some exquisite inlaid woodwork. From thence we traversed enormous passages ornamented with paintings of Lepanto, St. Quentin, and battles with the Moors. Thence we descended to the private apartments of Felipe Segundo, which seemed as hard, cold, and narrow as the heart of that implacable monarch. We saw the dark, dismal chamber in which he wrote, and the comfortless unfurnished room in which it was his pleasure to keep the *corps diplomatique* of the day standing while they waited for an audience. The low vaulted stone cellar in which he died is absolutely without light, except what is admitted to it by a small window opening on the church and giving a view of the high altar. Here he turned his face to the wall, his back to the world, like Hezekiah, and died like Herod at 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, September 13th, 1598. He had survived the Armada ten years and had lived to be over 70.

We next visited the church itself, which seems designed to be the core, the centre, the precious jewel, of which the vast building enclosing it was but the casket. It was, like all the rest of the palace, designed by Herrera, and is an exact counterpart in style of the cathedral of Valladolid.

Besides the church itself the most remarkable objects we noticed were :—

1. The noble altar and its retable, with the figures of Charles V and Felipe II, surrounded by their respective wives and sisters kneeling on either side.
2. Two elegant pulpits of alabaster.
3. The choir and its enormous psalters illuminated on vellum.
4. The seat occupied by Philip when he received the intelligence of the battle of Lepanto.
5. A splendid glass chandelier in the choir.
6. A marble figure of Christ carved by Benvenuto Cellini, and conveyed on men's shoulders all the way from Barcelona.

The centre of the *coro* rests not upon a pillar beneath, but on a kind of arch without a vault—a *coup de force* of the architect Herrera.

In the sacristy we saw some marvellously embroidered vestments done by the monks of the Escorial in Philip's time; and in another apartment Titian's "Last Supper," a prodigy of art, finer in my opinion and more affecting than Leonardo da Vinci's.

The library was also most interesting on account of the rare and valuable manuscripts it contains as well as for a portrait of Philip II when he had grown old. The *Codice Aureo* contains the four Gospels in gold letters. It was begun under Conrad II, Emperor of the West, and finished about the middle of the eleventh century. The illuminations are very fine.

The Pantheon is nothing but a huge dismal vault, in which the royal coffins are placed tier above tier like berths in the cabin of a ship. El Pudridero is a separate apartment, where, as Ford says, they place, as we do in our toasts,

"the rest of the royal family." A short time previous to our visit a man had descended into the Pantheon, and there shot himself with a pistol.

Before finally quitting the precincts of the Escorial we took a walk on the terrace in the garden, whence there is a fine view over the surrounding country, and even Madrid can be dimly discerned on the distant horizon. We saw not far off the *Silla del Rey*, where Philip sat to view the progress of the building. If he has ever been permitted to look on it since his departure from this world, I think he must regard it as a profound mistake, and therefore in that respect, as well as others, the emblem and mirror of his life. It has seldom been given to one man to perpetrate two such huge failures as this and the Armada.

October 6th.—This was another lovely day, and having heard from the Misses Stearns that a concert, on behalf of sufferers from the late inundations, would take place in the garden of the Buen Retiro at 3 o'clock, we appointed to meet them there. On arriving at the gate, however, we found that the *fête* was again postponed. I now made the two ladies take seats with Agnes in our little open carriage, while I walked in company with the courier to the entrance of the public gardens. Here we left the carriage waiting, and, conducted by the Misses Stearns, made our way to a very pretty spot, where was a somewhat extensive piece of artificial water, a very fine shaded walk, a *café*, and a cow-house, where fresh milk was sold. We sat down and drank some coffee, and the ladies amused themselves with a family of very fine Spanish children and their vulgar English nurse. As it drew near to 5 o'clock, we set out again to go to the Atocha church, the ladies taking the carriage, while Fontanières and I walked. I was much amused by my conversation with him in French, and by

our progress through the fair. On reaching the neighbourhood of the church, we found a crowd collected, awaiting the King's arrival, and at length, about 6 o'clock, his *cortège* of carriages and mounted troops appeared, making a very fine display. I saw him very distinctly, seated by the side of his mother, who is a coarse, masculine-looking woman with large features not unlike those of her father, Ferdinand VII. The King looked quiet, gentlemanly, and English.

I now mounted the box of the carriage, and with the three ladies inside, we took a turn up and down the Fair, which was alive with carriages and people. It was almost dark when the King emerged from the church, and we merely saw him for an instant as he and his cavalcade dashed off.

October 7th.—This morning our thoughts were concentrated on one subject, the weather, for we knew if it were fine that Las Corridas would follow as a matter of course. Happily it declared itself in unmistakable language, and at an early hour I was at the *despacho* in the Calle de Alcalá, and paid for the *Paleo* 110, which we had already engaged, 300 reals. Of this the Stearns and De Tchihatchefs took one-third each, so that it cost us only £1. I gave my arm to Madame de Tchihatchef while we went downstairs to look at the horses, which were just being mounted by the picadors. Presently the performance began in the manner I have described above, but I think that on the whole we preferred the Plaza of Valladolid, which was more gaily decorated, and on account of its smaller proportions gave a better view of the performers. The *espadas* were Frascuelo, Cara-Ancha, and Corrito, of whom Frascuelo was *facile princeps*, and played on this occasion with remarkable skill. The others

played indifferently, and the bulls, except the last we saw, were decidedly inferior animals. Two, however, amused us by jumping over the barrier, and it was the fifth that created, as old Fontanières observed on his return to the box, "*beaucoup de naufrages!*"

October 8th.—Having paid our bill overnight, we were again at the station for the Escorial by 7.20 A.M. in order to register our luggage and take places, this time for Avila. We travelled exclusively in the company of Spaniards, but at the Escorial we discovered that one of them spoke English. He was a very gentlemanly man, and between the Escorial and Las Navas, where he descended, he talked freely about himself. He told us he was a widower with three children, for whom he keeps an English governess, and that they lived in the Casa de Campo, to which he was then going. He himself preferred the country and country life to the town; he abhorred the bullfight, though he thought it was becoming more popular than ever. He smoked only paper cigars, and he poisoned foxes with strychnine. He spoke of taking his children next year to Paris for the Exhibition, and subsequently of going to England, where, he said, he had many friends. He preferred France to England but English people to French. When I spoke of Castelar being in Paris, he informed me he was his colleague in the representation of Segovia. On the road not far from Las Pavas he pointed out to us a *châlet*, surrounded by a young wood of some ten leagues in extent, belonging to the Duchess of Medina-Celi. The country through which we passed was very wild and barren, and Agnes said that in parts it reminded her of Scotland.

At last the train drew up at a station, when much to my surprise Agnes called out Avila. In the official *guia*

the time was marked 2.15, and it was then only half past one, but I learned afterwards that the former hour was meant to signify the time of departure, not of arrival. So we quickly gained the platform, and I passed through the little station to look out for an omnibus. An excellent one was waiting to convey passengers to the Dos de Mayo, or Hôtel Ingles, the latter title being more conspicuous than the former, and I secured two places in it along with some Spanish people, who stopped at a *parador* on the way. The little hotel to which we were destined and its then proprietor, Don Juan Smith, are made the subject of an amusing anecdote in Mrs. Ramsay's *Summer in Spain*, since which time its very existence has been called in question by travellers in Spain. We knew, however, that our friends the Misses Stearns had stayed there only a few days previously and found it very comfortable, and nothing could be more friendly and pleasant than *le bon accueil* which we received from the "sonsy" Spanish landlady. Unfortunately she could not give us a room, as the whole house was occupied by General Echeraguay and his staff, who had come to Avila on a tour of inspection. But she kindly took charge of our small things and deposited them in her own apartments. The landlord was also an agreeable man, and I learned from him that he held the inn by contract from Don Juan Smith, who was just then with his family at Santander and had in the course of business waxed fat—*muy gordo*. I hope that, like his predecessor, who knighted Don Quixote, *por ser muy gordo era muy pacifico*. Having breakfasted by 2 o'clock, we obtained a "guide," so called, a lout of a boy who attended on his master's pigs. He first took us to the cathedral, directly opposite the hotel, where two or three nice little boys in the garb of acolytes rendered us the

most polite attentions. They were quickly called off to vespers, and we made our exit by a back door to visit the somewhat distant church of San Tomas and the convent attached to it. The walk thither gave us a good view of the country around, which looked like a desert covered here and there with huge grey boulders. Our guide informed Agnes she could not be admitted to the convent, so it was agreed that while she remained in the church I might visit the latter. It was there that Ferdinand and Isabella lived, and in the church of San Tomas is deposited the body of their only son, Prince Juan. He was really a most accomplished, amiable, and promising young man, when, only six months after his marriage in March, 1497, to the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian at Burgos, he fell ill and died. The tomb erected by his parents to his memory is of glorious workmanship, and is surmounted by a reclining figure of the deceased inexpressibly touching. From the *coro* opposite the bereaved monarchs were accustomed to look down on this sad memorial of their loss. We also saw the tombs of his two attendants, Juan Davila and Juana Velázquez, in an adjoining chapel. I did not enter the monastery, as it was undergoing repairs, and the monks were engaged in chanting vespers in the church.

The *genius loci* of Avila may be said to be distinctly Santa Teresa, and the rest of our time was taken up in visiting the churches associated with her memory. In the first, attached to a convent of bare-footed Carmelites, we saw the girdle—*correa*—that she wore round her waist. It was neatly folded in a circular form and enclosed in a sort of silver chalice ornamented with small rubies and pearls. A little drum—*tambor*—decorated with bows of pink ribbon, was next brought forth, and with it a pair

of whistles, each employed by the saint to summon her sisterhood to prayer. In another church, which seemed to be her very shrine, so replete was it with memorials of Teresa, and so richly ornamented, we saw her family tree depicted in more than one form upon the walls; and her portrait, representing the flame of divine love—according to her own story—visibly piercing her heart.

In a smaller inner chapel, floored with beautiful *azulejos*, a monk opened the press in which sundry relics of the saint were preserved. Amongst these were her walking-stick, which showed, from its proportions, that she must have been of goodly stature; a bone of her finger neatly preserved in a crystal case; and a ring that she had worn, besides some other objects. Each of them in turn were reverently presented to us to kiss, and we as reverently performed our expected *devoir*.

On quitting this little church of Santa Teresa, which we did with regret, we marched with our guide through some streets and a plaza, where General Echeraguay was passing at the moment in a neat carriage, and arrived at the fruit market. Agnes was instantly spell-bound at seeing a heap of lovely black grapes, with a bloom upon them like white frost, and baskets of her favourite figs. We cried halt and sat down amongst those treasures of Pomona on the low wall that enclosed the little oblong market, and inquired of the peasant men in charge of the property if they could let us have a basket. That they could not do, but our intelligent guide offered to conduct me to a place where I could buy one. Agnes remained behind seated on the wall while I went off in quest of a basket shop. I passed through a handsome old gate, outside of the fortifications, and descended from the road surrounding the town to some mud cottages lying beneath, and entered

one. A woman was sewing, and an infant playing on the floor, but baskets were only conspicuous by their absence. However, our guide quickly summoned *el amo*—the master—who appeared literally red-handed from the dye with which he had been colouring his wares. Some pretty baskets were soon produced, and I chose a small one suited to our purpose, for half a peseta—5*d.* On returning to the fruit market we got as many grapes and figs as we could carry in it for less than two reals, together with the most polite attentions from the two peasants who sold them to us. We passed once more through the gateway above mentioned, and stood for some moments in a little garden on the *espolon* or promenade, while the shades of evening began to descend, and our eyes followed the course of a river in the plain beneath, through a delta of cultivated fields bordered by a long *arboleda* or grove of trees. Thence we returned by a longish walk to the *plazuela* in front of our hotel. It was just 6 o'clock. The cathedral had been closed and would not open again till six in the morning. We encountered our little friends the acolytes clad in mufti on their way home, and I rewarded them for their previous attentions to us by a small *gratificacion*. Again we were kindly received by Señora Tomé y Murias in her own apartments, and she even insisted on our sitting down while she and her family were at dinner. They consisted of her husband, her niece, a female servant, and her little nephew Antonio, a lively child of about three years. In a short time we were summoned to our own dinner in the *comedor*, where we sat *vis-à-vis* with a country priest and his lay companion, travellers on a small scale, like ourselves, whom we had met in our excursion through the city, and had found very civil in explaining some of the appurten-

ances of Saint Teresa. We held quite a *conversation suivie* in Spanish during dinner, and on leaving I presented them with two good cigars.

About 7.30 the omnibus came to the door. Our host and hostess attended upon us to the last, and wished us a cordial *à Dios*, and we were whirled off into unknown darkness, made visible by lamps twinkling at long intervals like glow-worms, and we reached the station long before 8. As the night was cold Agnes remained in the comfortable omnibus, and I made inquiries of the *chef* about the possibility of getting a *coupé-cama* in the train to San Sebastian. He was very polite, told me to take the tickets, and that when the train came in he would see what could be done. I did not trust, however, entirely to his promises, but bestirred myself with the aid of a porter, and to Agnes's great relief we found the desired *coupé* unoccupied. Two-thirds of it made a good bed, and it turned out to be much cheaper than the *fauteuils* on the French lines.

About 7 A.M. we reached Alsasuá. It was cold, and the sky was covered with heavy drifting clouds, but we were glad to find ourselves again amongst the Basque Hills, the scarlet berettas, and the Carlists. About 10 A.M. on October 9th we reached San Sebastian and drove to the Hotel de Londres. It turned out a lovely day, and after breakfast we walked up to the church of Santa Maria, and ascended to the fort. Never did I enjoy a walk more, and never did my eyes rest on a more glorious sight than that coast and sea, illumined by a brilliant sun. With regret I retraced my steps, as it were from the soil of Spain, but not without the hope that we should one day return to it again.

INTRODUCTION TO A TOUR IN SPAIN, 1880.

BEFORE leaving London we had written to engage rooms at the Hôtel des Deux Mondes in the Avenue de l'Opéra and had received an answer that they would be retained for us. The express that leaves Paris at 8.20 P.M. arrives at Bordeaux the following morning at 7.10, proceeds at 8 A.M. to Bayonne, and thence to Biarritz is only half an hour ; we arrived there August 29th.

BIARRITZ.

Théophile Gautier crossed the Landes on his way to Spain in 1840, and speaks of them as "*un spectacle fort lugubre et fort peu récréatif*." We can well believe him, for we gather from his narrative that the journey from Bordeaux to Bayonne occupied some four-and-twenty hours, that he passed Dax in the middle of the night, and that the weather was so cold and tempestuous as to threaten him and his companions with the fate of the Grande Armée in Russia. We cannot, of course, take Théophile Gautier at any time *au pied de la lettre* ; and he is, moreover, one of those great writers who rarely condescend to the meanness of details. But we may feel sure there is legitimate ground for congratulation in the changes that have taken place since his time. We now cross the Landes seated in a most comfortable railway carriage in a little more than

four hours, and though the scenery is monotonous, we cannot fail to be pleased by the aspect of neat stations, extensive tracts of fir trees (*pinus maritima*) planted since the beginning of the century, and numerous other signs of the successful campaign waged by man against reluctant Nature.

At Morceux we obtained a very fair luncheon, price three francs, which it is advisable to take, for it would be fully 2 o'clock before we reach the hotel at Biarritz.

D for Dulness and D for Dax is an alliteration apt to suggest itself to those who have derived their ideas of that ancient watering-place from Mr. H. Blackburn's amusing work on the Pyrenees. Invalids who set out for Pau but break down on the journey are usually left behind at Dax ; and fearing that such a contingency might befall us, we took care not to stir from our carriage, and felt much relieved when our train, after a short pause, moved off.

Of Bayonne we see little, except as we approach and leave the station, but it is a remarkably picturesque old town, and deserves to be visited from Biarritz. The two graceful spires of its cathedral, rising side by side, and undistinguishable in their common beauty, are central objects from all points of the surrounding landscape. Nothing can be more charming, whether seen from far or near, than their pure, clear-cut forms gleaming like twin pyramids of ivory under the blue sky. The fortifications are immensely strong and in perfect preservation, and, together with the undulating, well-wooded slopes amongst which they stand, will amply repay a visit. There is also a very pleasant walk by the river towards Barre. But if one would see Bayonne at its best, it must be when its cathedral, its extensive ramparts, the arcades that line its streets, its bridges, and the two rivers that flow beneath

its walls are suffused with the tender-light of a full autumn moon. It is then worthy to be the scene of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*—the haunt of Titania and all her suite.

Half an hour suffices to clear the uninteresting strip of country that lies between Bayonne and Biarritz, and about 1 o'clock the express generally reaches the latter station. As the train from Spain arrives at the same hour—the line being only single—we shall find more than even the ordinary dearth of porters, and will do well not to lose time and temper in seeking one, but take out with the help of our fellow-travellers whatever luggage we may have in the carriage. That which has been registered will be duly looked after by the railway staff, but owing to the concurrence of two trains a long time elapses before it is arranged and ready for inspection. Immediately outside the station is a crowd of carriages, omnibuses, and other vehicles, whose noisy drivers confuse and deafen you by their clamour and struggle to possess themselves *volens nolens* of your rugs and handbags. The stern repression of this *canaille* will at first be necessary, and when the hubbub has somewhat subsided, we would do well deliberately to choose a landau. The drivers of the latter, gorgeously dressed as postilions, are respectful and attentive, and the fare of six or seven francs is not more than we should pay for a close, uncomfortable omnibus. But better still, if we write beforehand to Mme. Campagne at the Hôtel d'Angleterre to send a carriage to meet us, or to Mme. la Veuve Sarton, who keeps a number of *voitures* and can be well recommended.

The station, La Negresse—wherefore so called I know not—is some two miles distant from the town. The road thither forms a pretty drive, which makes some attempt to be an avenue, and whence we obtain glimpses of the nearer

Spanish mountains, notably of Les Trois Couronnes. As we approach Biarritz our attention will be attracted by two handsome mansions, one on either hand. That to the right, a red brick castellated building surrounded by pretty grounds displaying in their midst clumps of tall white pampas grass, formerly belonged to the Duc de Grammont, and, like the Empress's villa on the shore, is a sad memorial of departed glory. The other, which promises, when finished, to be a model of sumptuousness and taste, is the château of M. Boulard, Deputy for the Landes, and is said already to have cost five millions of francs.

Biarritz is a bright, gay, sparkling little French town, clinging with the compactness of a honeycomb to the sterile cliffs on which the primitive settlement was fixed. On one side it is bordered by the sea and fringed with a narrow, irregular belt of the graceful tamarisk, while behind it spread the last undulating slopes of the Basses-Pyrénées. To the north, a short distance beyond the Villa Eugénie, stands a lofty lighthouse, while to the south winds the picturesque Spanish coast, ending abruptly in the mountains of Asturias. During the summer season it is said to number 10,000 inhabitants and is then as animated as a beehive, the gorgeous bees humming about all day and industriously depositing the golden honey they have brought hither from afar.

All go to Biarritz, ostensibly for sea-bathing, and they devote themselves to its exercise with unwearying assiduity. It may be practised in two forms—either in deep water, or *sur la plage*. The latter is evidently the more popular, and consists in standing on the shore line just where the waves begin to break and allowing them to topple over you. Crowds of men, women, and children, arrayed in the prescribed costume, are to be seen for hours enjoying this

boisterous pastime, and evidently much exhilarated by the buffetings they receive, and the mutual collisions that inevitably occur.

The Casino is readily accessible and much frequented. It offers the attractions of a reading-room, a shaded promenade, a concert every afternoon, and balls once or twice a week. Among its *habitués* are many French and Spanish notabilities, with no inconsiderable mixture of Russians, but the English frequent Biarritz more in the winter. A prominent figure on most occasions is the well-known French Baron de N——, who has written a book to sustain the delightful thesis that there is no such thing as old age—*point de vieillesse*. He himself furnishes an admirable exemplification of his own doctrine, though its advocacy is said to expose him to a good deal of badinage from his fair acquaintances. The shops though small are good, and constitute a standing resource, or temptation, to ladies completely *désœuvrées*. Picturesque Basque pedlars, carrying packs of Spanish *mantas* and lace, are amongst the most familiar objects, and either singly or in groups perpetually remind one of the glowing pencil of Philips.

In the small Place an excellent band plays every evening, when the enclosure is thronged with visitors and townspeople. On great occasions, such as the annual *fête*, the streets are gaily illuminated with Chinese lanterns; and there is hardly a night when brilliant fireworks do not add to the liveliness of the scene. Horse-racing takes place during the season, and attracts crowds of residents and visitors, the former all *endimanchés*. We were much amused to see some elegant votaries of *les courses* devoutly cross themselves as they entered the omnibus or landau that was to take them to the local Ascot, but it must be

confessed they adopt the same precaution whenever they go to bathe, and probably on even less weighty occasions. An interesting excursion may be made by carriage from Biarritz to two convents situated at Anglet about half-way to Bayonne. One of these is called Le Refuge—a home, as its name indicates, for penitent women. It is well worth visiting, in order to see the beautiful plants cultivated in the grounds and hothouses, as well as for other remunerative industries carried on by the sisterhood. But the convent of Bernardines, which stands at some distance from the latter, is the more curious of the two, and affords a singular instance of the surviving eccentricities of conventual life. Its members seem to be recruited from a refined class, and their Rule imposes perpetual silence. No sister *ever speaks* to another, unless when delegated by the Superior to do so, which only happens in the case of dangerous illness. The dress worn by them favours this system of isolation, as the hood of their white serge cloak is drawn or “gathered,” as a lady would say, over the face so as to completely conceal the forehead and eyes and leave only just a sufficient aperture for the extremity of the nose and the mouth. Nevertheless, even in this seemingly unprepossessing garb, a solitary sister bending over her rosary or her needlework looks from a little distance picturesque and interesting. A veil, if it be of any density at all, rather raises a prepossession against the wearer, but from *un bout de nez* or the corner of a mouth seen in profile imagination may construct an ideal beauty.

A romantic story is related of one of those sisters, though her love ranged only in the pure region of religion and towards one of her own sex. She had left behind her in the “world” (as it is absurdly called) a cherished friend with whom she could not possibly communicate, but whose

conversion to the peaceful life of her own community she earnestly desired. Her only means of accomplishing her purpose was by prayer, and after praying for years and waiting the fulfilment of her hopes with the devotion of a knight of Toggenburg, she was ordered one day to attend the couch of a dying Bernardine. It proved to be her friend, who, in obedience to her prayers, had long been an inmate of the same convent with herself, but whom until that fatal hour she had never had the opportunity of recognising.

I must here endeavour to amend a defect which I have frequently had cause to deplore in our English guides—the absence of all reference to the climate or temperature of places described. This omission increased our difficulty and hesitation about venturing into Spain. On every side of us were ladies and gentlemen who had fled from the heats of Madrid and Salamanca—to say nothing of Seville and other southerly places.

Biarritz itself was also at the moment extremely hot; and every day at the *table d'hôte* men were to be seen plying their fans, and ladies heard clamouring for open windows. When we arrived there on the 31st of August, the air was cool and pleasant, and if we had been asked for our opinion we could hardly have suggested an improvement in the weather. The 1st of September, which we passed with some friends at Guéthary, was even more delightful, but the following day the air became perceptibly sultry, and the thermometer in my dressing-room rose to over 80° Fahrenheit. In the spacious reading-room of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, with every window open, and the sea breeze pouring in, people reclined in attitudes of listlessness and prostration; and there was a general consensus of opinion that Biarritz was no longer in good "form." Casual arrivals

from Bagnères de Luchon and other parts of the Pyrenees thought of abruptly retracing their steps, or heading across country for Switzerland. But this state of things, having lasted exactly a week, terminated in a succession of thunderstorms; the evenings gradually grew cooler, and the weather finally assumed the *status quo ante*.

In our perplexity as to what might be the condition of things in the South of Spain, we daily sought counsel in the excellent little Spanish newspaper *El Día*, which wisely devotes a column or more to meteorological reports from all parts of the peninsula. At the same time, I addressed a letter of inquiry on the subject to the proprietor of the Siete Suelos Hotel at Granada, to which I promptly received the following reply:—

“Granada, 13 Setiembre, 1880.

“Sor. Dn. F. Fitzpatrick.

“Muy Señor mio en contestacion a su carta de 7 del presente debo decirle que la temperatura ha bajado mucho desde principio de este mes, así que en la Alhambra donde esta situado el Hotel de 7 Suelos, la temperatura no pasa de 16 grados centigrado y en la Ciudad llega hasta 20, o 24.”

“Hasta tener el gusto de saludarle es de V. affmo amigo, S. S. S.

“JOSÉ GAELEA.”

“Conservo pero dos letras derigidos a V. que han llegado hoy mismo.”

* * * This was the beginning of our tour to the South of Spain, comprising the Alhambra, Granada, Sevilla, and Cordoba. We reached home again on the 17th October.

DIARY OF A TOUR IN SPAIN, 1888.

BARCELONA, TARRAGONA, MONSERRAT, GERONA.—
NÎMES, PONT DU GARD, AVIGNON, VAUCLUSE.

APRIL 10TH—MAY 4TH.

LEFT Paris at 7.45 A.M.; dined at Brive at 5.30 P.M.; reached Toulouse at 11 P.M.; passed through Carcassonne and Narbonne, and arrived at Port Bon—the Spanish frontier—Wednesday, April 11th, at 4 A.M.

Left Port Bon at 5 A.M. by Spanish train for Barcelona and travelled over the *inland* line. Reached Barcelona at 10.20 A.M., and drove to the Hotel de Los Cuatro Naciones.

April 12th.—Took a small open carriage (driver “Sebastian”) to the Muralla del Mar and Barceloneta, where we rested for some time by the shore of the Mediterranean. In the afternoon, drove in the same carriage by way of Gracia to Sarria, and passed *en route* the beautiful country house of the Marchesa de Castañer, approached by a viaduct built across a deep ravine, and surrounded by gardens. From the road in front we obtained a delightful view of the sea. We next passed Alta Misa and Tibidado, and stopped at the restaurant, Parque de la Montaña. Thence to Sarria and the Convent of Pedralves, whence our driver took us unfortunately by a succession of the worst possible roads to Sans and Mont Jouy back to the hotel.

April 13th.—After breakfast went to St. George's Chapel—now in the Law Courts—and saw some remarkable tapestries, said to be of the twelfth century, and an illuminated missal. Thence, through an ancient street, to the House of the Condes of Barcelona, above the staircase of which is a beautiful roof of black carved wood, pronounced by the guide to be *nogal* or walnut. It is not flat, but very deep, looking somewhat like the inverted hull of a ship, and elaborately carved in Corinthian columns, borders of the egg pattern, etc.

We next visited the Cathedral of Santa Eulalia, the deep gloom of which is relieved by richly painted glass. A small gate before the pulpit stairs is of good iron work. We saw a figure of the Saviour which had been on board the galley of Charles V, and a Saracen's head with a long beard suspended over the doorway. The front of the church is in process of restoration by a wealthy contractor—Girona. I visited the church of Santa Maria del Mar, also of the eleventh century, which has the peculiar feature that the choir is situated *behind* the high altar, while in all other Spanish churches the choir is invariably in front of the high altar.

April 14th.—In the morning to the Union Bank of Spain and England, 4, Dormitorio San Francisco, to cash a circular note. At 10.30 we started in an open carriage with two horses (Sebastian cochero) for Valldidera, and arrived there just at 12 o'clock. Took breakfast in the Fonda Baldiró, whence we obtained an excellent view of Monserrat. An *arroz*, or pillau, of chicken is a capital *plat* at Baldiró. Talked with some Spanish *aldeanas* on the mountain, and admired their pleasing manners. On the way down, went to Pedralbes and partook of *reque-sones à la Serafina*. Thence we drove to Horta, and

visited the gardens of Granja Vieja, where we saw white peacocks and two specimens of the *Goura Coronata*, beautiful blue birds of New Guinea. The place contained various other animals, including some splendid pheasants and two vampire bats of immense size.

April 15th.—A downpour of rain. Posted letters to the *Lancet*, to J. W. Baines, Mrs. Owen Lynch, Rev. Denis Knox, etc. An American lady with four daughters told us they had gone the preceding day to Monserrat, and she was quite knocked up by the journey. Reports the monastery damp, cold, and gloomy, and they spent most of their time in the diligence waiting for the return to the railway station. I walked down to the port in a sea of mud.

April 16th.—Walked down the Calle Fernando, a street of pretty shops, and bought three fans. Took a "frisky" thence to the hotel, and subsequently visited the Exposicion. Wrote to Emily. In the evening A.'s cold was so bad that we had dinner in our room.

April 17th.—The landlord of the Hotel de Paris at Tarragona was introduced to us at breakfast. He is a very nice Italian, and we retracted the order we sent for rooms *to-day*. After breakfast drove to El Belem, which we found on the point of being closed till 3.30 P.M.; then went to the Calle de la Plateria and to the Plaza del Palacio, where we saw the handsome fountain erected by the Marquess Campo Sagrado. Drove next to Miramar, and enjoyed a delightful view over the port and the sea beyond. The morning was lovely and the air most refreshing. At 4 P.M. returned to El Belem in quest of the sword of Ignatius Loyola, which was said to be kept at the house of the Cura or Rector; went there, when the old housekeeper told us unblushingly that it had been sent to the Exposicion. *Quelle farce!*

April 18th.—Very fine morning ; breakfasted at 11 A.M. and left at 11.30 for the station to Tarragona. Canon and Mrs. Vincent Jackson travelled in the next compartment, and went with us to the Fonda de Paris. *En route* we obtained a magnificent view of the extraordinary Mons Serratus. In the evening took a small two-horse carriage, and drove to the Puente del Diablo, having taken in a portion of the walls on the way and seen some regiments at drill.

April 19th.—Started at 9 A.M. in the same carriage, and with the same comical driver to La Torre de los Escipiones. Delicious air and exquisite sea accompanied us all the way, and Agnes gathered some most fragrant wild thyme near the Scipios tower. Came back by the Roman amphitheatre and El Presidio. In the afternoon walked to the Puerta Rosario, the Cyclopean walls, the Archbishop's Palace, and the new Seminario. The latter is a very fine building, and encloses in one of its Patios the primitive church of San Pablo. I went to the church of S. Magin, and joined Aggie afterwards at the cathedral. The façade of the latter is fine, and in the interior we saw many beautiful tapestries.

April 19th.—Drove in an omnibus from the Fonda de Paris to the station and got well shaken *en route*. Difficult to find places in the train at 7 P.M., and put Agnes in carriage reserved for ladies only. Arrived in Barcelona about 10 o'clock, and found streets deluged with rain.

April 20th and 21st.—Agnes and I went for a drive to Gràcia and afterwards to the Internacional Hotel. The air was fresh and this increased her cold. Still discussing Monserrat. Went to the Liceo Theatre to a concert with A. Schlesinger of Lausanne.

April 22nd.—A lovely morning. Decided to start for

Montserrat and went to the Despacho in the Rambla and bought a ticket for rail and diligence. Left by 12.40 train for Monistrol. Splendid day and most interesting country. Passed Sabadell—"the little Manchester"—and Olesa, where I saw a Byzantine church said to be of the seventh century. These were pointed out to me by a Spaniard in the carriage. Magnificent view of Montserrat and the monastery as we approached Monistrol. The ascent was made in a diligence drawn by six mules which proceeded at a brisk pace for about half an hour to the *village* of Monistrol. Here the tedious climb in the rough lumbering diligence began which lasted thence for three hours, and, as an American lady said, made one feel every stone on the road. Reached the monastery at 6.30, engaged my room and bought a candle—the two first and indispensable formalities. Waited upon by a French refugee from Narbonne, who talked what he called French with the rapidity of a sewing machine. However, he was *prévenant* and attentive. Walked with him to near the chapel of San Miguel; dined at the capital little restaurant and had an excellent dinner for fr. 5. Strolled into the *Despacho de los aposentos* and found a party of some dozen young fellows playing cards, while my guide was warming a saucepan of water over a spirit lamp for my use at bedtime.

April 23rd.—Rose at 4.30 to see the sun rise, and walked with the guide to a pretty little *balcon*, also called *el paseo de los moncas*, formed of two long rows of tall cypresses and with a sort of open belvedere at the end. Here I had a magnificent view of the Pyrenees of Andorra thickly covered with snow to the north, the Mediterranean to the south, the plain richly coloured like terra cotta in the foreground, and the high peaks of Montserrat behind me

on the west. Far below rolled the Llobregat dividing the territory of the monastery from the adjoining properties. Returned to the church and heard mass at 5.30. What struck me most were the sun's rays just then streaming horizontally through a painted rose window behind the statue of the Virgin and lighting up the latter with the most glorious colours. Returned to my cell, washed and took coffee at 8.30. Then went to high mass in the church at 9.30, and was much pleased with the fine organ and the choir. Walked about in the ruined cloisters, purchased a few memorials and looked at the neglected Museo. The latter contained a most beautiful monument of a knight reclining calm in death, his head resting on his right hand supported by his helmet. There were other fine remains, but all unnamed, unhonoured and unsung, while the tawdry image indoors absorbed all the interest of both monks and visitors.

Got a very good *déjeuner* at the restaurant for 5 francs and left in the diligence at 3 o'clock, having paid 4 francs for my lodging. The journey down was almost as *pénible* as that of the preceding day but only lasted two hours.

April 24th.—After breakfast drove with Agnes to the Museo Archeologico, most charmingly located in the nave of a disused convent church. Saw some exquisite Roman remains, fragments of mosaic (the three Graces), columns and busts. In the afternoon went to see a staircase most elaborately carved in an old house, formerly the residence of the Marqués de Castilla (?), and afterwards to a house in the Carrer de Paradis, which contained in an upper room the columns of a Roman temple of Hercules.

In the afternoon I walked down to the port and hired a boat which took me out to the three Spanish ironclads lying in the harbour. I went on board the largest—the *Numancia*

—armed with heavy guns of Creusot make, Gatlings, Nordenfelts, torpedoes and the electric light.

April 25th.—Put off departure for Gerona. Went to the Abanico manufactory, 10, Pasage de la Paz.

April 26th.—Left by 1 o'clock train for Gerona, and travelled with an agreeable Spaniard who talked of Darwin, Tyndall, etc., and told us of the Conde of Barcelona, who was killed by his brother in the forest near Hostalrich. He said we should see his tomb in the cathedral at Gerona distinguished by the figure of a bird.

Reached the station for Gerona about 5 o'clock, and were obliged to turn out in such a bustle that the luncheon basket was left behind in the railway carriage, but the loss was not discovered until later. Wished to leave a *portion* of our luggage at the station instead of taking it all on the omnibus to the hotel, but found we could not do so. A priest in the interior remarked that we had "*mucho peso*," when I replied that we had come a long way, and "*largo viaje, mucho equipaje!*" At length we rattled up to the entrance of the Fonda de Italianos; and though I had written and telegraphed with respect to rooms, there was no appearance of any one in authority to receive us. However, innumerable volunteers seized upon our bags and boxes, which I followed mechanically across a coach-house and stable yard up a marble staircase, at the top of which we were accosted by a comely, pleasant landlady, decidedly stout. She quickly conducted Agnes to one large room and me to another, which latter "*habitacion*" we engaged. Happily Aggie discovered a fireplace in the apartment which we very promptly turned to its legitimate purpose, and we had just begun to warm ourselves when another discovery burst upon us—the absence of our basket. A moment's reflection showed that it had gone

on in the train, and at the suggestion of our landlady I telegraphed immediately to Port Bon whence I received an answer at 9.30 the same evening to say it was safe.

April 27th.—Our sitting room was of oriental dimensions both in height of ceiling and extent of floor, which latter was formed of handsome tiles that just then gave a sensation of cold. It had also two enormous French windows with balconies looking on the narrow street in front. Later in the day we saw a fine regiment of the line march down and greatly admired their step, not without feeling some compassion for the officers whose lot it was to be stationed amidst so much dulness.

We had coffee early and were ready at 9 o'clock to start for the cathedral in the carriage which we had ordered of the landlady over night. The two housemaids who waited upon us were very pretty and agreeable, but so ignorant that they understood hardly a word of Castilian ; and the poor waiter Juan was little better. He was the subject of locomotor ataxy.

Aggie and I walked out to the street as far as a café in front of a small square, and there she sat while I returned in quest of the promised *coche*. At length it appeared in charge of our comical omnibus conductor of yesterday, and was itself a tiny omnibus with two small horses. Having got in, we were "jumped" along a circuitous route inside the course of the old walls and landed at last at one of the side doors of the cathedral. On entering the nave we were much struck by the gloom of the interior, which a nearer acquaintance soon dispelled, and in a short time we were fully engaged in admiring the fine proportions of the church, the choir, the high altar, the graceful gilt candelabra, the elegant side chapels and the splendid painted glass.

Our chief difficulty was to find any intelligent or

responsible person of whom we could make inquiries. Two nice lads in striped cotton pinafores joined us at the entrance, and a thin, elderly, respectable-looking man seemed to attach himself to our small party. He was very stupid, however, and I was induced by his representations to send my card to the Vicar-General and subsequently to call upon him. The visit ended, or rather began, in a fiasco. We were promised the illumination of the sacristy if we returned about 3 o'clock, to which we assented, and in the meantime one of the boys led us into the cloisters, from a side door of which we had a fine view of the distant Pyrenees, of the heights around the town, and the willow-covered banks of the Oñó. Aggie returned to the hotel in the *coche*, while I went on foot in order to see the principal façade of the church in descending. We both got back to breakfast at the same time.

Walked back to the cathedral, which stands very high and is approached by a great number of steps, before 3 o'clock, and waited outside for the appearance of the promised sacristan. Subsequently took places inside, near the choir, and watched the priests come in to perform vespers. Discovered a mean-looking little old fellow whom I followed from chapel to chapel, and when at length I got his ear he referred me to the Sacristan Mayor, as he had no authority. Listened patiently to the tiresome service at the conclusion of which we were permitted to see the high altar; and a young man was brought forward to show us the treasures of the church. Armed with a bunch of keys, he entered with us and our small boy of the morning into the sacristy, and after repeated forcible attempts, he failed to open the compartment or drawer in which the master keys were contained. So once more we were obliged to retire baffled.

April 28th.—Rose early in order to be in time for the 8.30 A.M. train for France. Had two eggs and buttered toast with *café au lait* for breakfast, but we found things generally less comfortable than the previous day—the host and hostess, with the cook and his *batterie de cuisine*, having left to attend a wedding at some distance out in the country. Got away at last, and remarked that the omnibus jolted us less than on our arrival. At the station found that I could take tickets and register luggage to Nîmes, which was very satisfactory. Got into a first class compartment with one Spanish fellow-traveller, who was very reserved and reticent. Passed Figueras and began to get charming views of the sea in numerous coves along the coast. Reached the pretty little frontier station of Port Bon, where I got possession of my luncheon basket, and we took breakfast in the restaurant before 12 o'clock. Left soon after for Cerbère, the French Customs, where our luggage underwent a by no means strict examination. Instead of a *coupé*—for which I had telegraphed—a first class compartment was assigned to us, and we retained it undisturbed till we got into another train at Cette. *En route* we passed Port Vendre, a sweet spot, Aigues Mortes, and other interesting places, and nothing can efface from memory the singular beauty of the coast line, set off, as it was, by weather of unsurpassed splendour. Cette itself is beautifully situated on the sea, and the train stopped, for the collection of tickets, on a most picturesque ivy-covered bridge. We had previously passed Narbonne and Perpignan.

At Cette about 6 P.M. we obtained a cup of indifferent tea, which was charged for as a luxury. Had two fellow-travellers in our carriage from here, one of whom resembled Lord Emilius B——. They got out at Montpellier, and

we reached Nîmes about a quarter past 7 P.M. Sent Agnes in a little open carriage to Hôtel Luxembourg, while I followed in the 'bus. Had a sort of squabble with landlord's son about the price of our bedroom on the first floor, but it ended amicably. A small black boy in the hall, a native of Pondicherry.

April 29th.—Fine morning, and our room had a pleasant outlook on the esplanade. After breakfast took a small open carriage and drove—

1. To the museum, which is not mentioned in Murray but is nevertheless well worth a visit. It contains a fine picture of Cromwell visiting the remains of Charles I after his execution. It is painted by Delaroche. The museum has also a very perfect Roman mosaic pavement (which one mounted a wooden stage to look down upon) discovered within the last year or so.
2. From the museum drove to the Roman Amphitheatre, and learning that a *fête*—namely, a mimic bullfight—was to take place at 2 o'clock, we determined to return and witness the performance.
3. In the meantime paid a visit to the charming *maison carrée*—a gem of art—which though bearing unmistakable traces of injury and decay, is in a state of astonishing preservation. The interior is a museum of remains of antiquity found in Nîmes and the district around.

At the bullfight we had excellent seats; and as the day was very fine and the sun bright and warm, the ancient amphitheatre put on a most attractive aspect, the various rows of seats being filled by a picturesque and lively crowd. The animals exhibited in the arena might more

properly be called calves than bulls, but their horns were sharp and they certainly showed some amusing play. The quadrille, as it was called, of toradors were very becomingly attired, and the leader, Etienne Pouly, of Beaucaire, was a strikingly handsome man. Among the band we thought we recognised one who had accompanied us on Thursday in the train from Barcelona to Gerona.

At the hotel in the evening Aggie got into conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Rowland V. Barker and Mr. Warry-Stone. The former was a clergyman from Norwich who seemed to take a genuine interest in old places such as Aigues Mortes, Carcassone, etc. The latter was a gentlemanly young fellow on his way—which he took very leisurely—from Naples and the Riviera to England. He was subject to a delicate throat.

April 30th.—Left the hotel about 10 o'clock in a small, open, one-horse carriage for the Pont du Gard. Soon after starting we found the road uninteresting and dreary, the wind and dust rather aggressive, and the pace slow. Aggie proposed turning back, to which I would not consent. However, within the stipulated time—two hours—I caught a glimpse of the object of our pilgrimage and uttered such a sudden exclamation that I nearly upset the carriage!

The so-called *Pont* is in reality an aqueduct and never subserved the purpose of a bridge till 1743, when the arches over which the carriage road runs were erected on a level with the lower tier of arches of the original structure. This consists of—

1. A water-course.
2. A tier of 35 small arches.
3. A tier of 11 larger arches.
4. A tier of 6 larger arches—which latter form the substructure on which the others rest.

The scene was inexpressibly charming, and having walked over the lower platform of enormous stone flags, we reached the other side of the garden and clambered by a path and some steps to the summit. We then entered the channel which carried the water and found the sides coated with a thick deposit of stalactite; descended on the other side, accompanied by a very intelligent local guide; and finally rested, to feast our eyes with the sublime work before us, and our ears with the melody of the nightingales' song, which vibrated from every bush. As Dante says in another sense, "*Si che pareva che l'aer ne temesse.*"

Took our own luncheon in the garden of the small inn, bought photographs, and returned to Nîmes. Wind somewhat disagreeable and slight rain. Packed our things, dined, and left for Pont d'Avignon by a very comfortable train at 7.30 P.M.

An omnibus met us at Pont d'Avignon between 9 and 10 and took us by the bridge over the Rhone to Hôtel d'Europe. We were fortunate in having telegraphed for a room, as a band of twenty-four pilgrims from Rome had arrived in the course of the evening.

May 1st.—At 10 o'clock set out in a small carriage to see the town, and having first crossed the bridge over the Rhone, returned and drove to the cathedral and Palace of the Popes. *En route* we stopped to examine the statue of "*le brave Crillon*" in the Grande Place. In the cathedral we saw the handsome tomb of Pope John XXII and admired the beautiful statue of Charity by Pradier in an adjoining chapel. In the choir stood the Papal throne in white marble, with reliefs of the lion of St. Mark and winged bull of St. Luke—a work of the twelfth century.

Seven popes reigned in Avignon from 1305 to 1376—say 70 years—when Gregory XI returned to Rome. They

were all Frenchmen. Continued our drive to some high ground prettily laid out and commanding a fine view over the town and adjacent country. Here was a statue of Althen, who in 1766 introduced the culture of madder-root (*garance*), from which the soldiers' trousers are dyed.

Next visited the cemetery on the opposite side of the town and saw J. Stuart Mills's handsome tomb of white marble. He died here in 1873. In driving back to the hotel we had a good view of the fortifications, which consist of lofty walls surmounted by a cornice of machicolated battlements flanked by watch-towers. They were erected by Clement VI in the middle of the fourteenth century and are very perfect and picturesque. Another most interesting object is the broken bridge of St. Benezet, whose ruined arches still overhang the river, opposite to the *rocher des doms*.

EXCURSION TO PETRARCH'S FOUNTAIN AT VAUCLUSE.

Quitted the hotel at 12 o'clock in a landau drawn by two excellent horses and followed the level road bordered with fine plane trees, which gave it the appearance of a boulevard, to the village of Le Thor. Hence the road descended to L'Isle de Sorgues—a very picturesque spot of verdure and rushing water. We next passed beneath the handsome aqueduct bridge of Galas and reached the hotel at Vacluse about 2.30 P.M. A few moments previously, just as we were within the confines of the village, a heavy shower began to fall, and in spite of rugs and umbrellas we were thoroughly wetted before we gained the shelter of the inn. Here we were beset with the attentions of an uncouth waiting-maid, more intent upon selling us photographs and sweetmeats than in rendering us any useful help. We lunched, though

uncomfortably, upon trout and cutlets, and when the rain had partially ceased set off on foot to the famous fountain. Agnes was not shod for a rough road and wet weather, but she gallantly faced both those difficulties and successfully reached the goal of our long journey.

The stream which leads downwards from the *source* was in perfect condition to exhibit its various beauties, the volume of water being sufficient to form a series of beautiful cascades as it leaped from rock to rock. The water itself was of crystalline transparency and purity, and the tops and shoulders of the rocks were covered with the most verdant and luxuriant mosses. Gradually the narrow valley through which we were ascending closed in and soon formed the *vallis clausa* in which "Vaucluse" originated.

A semicircle of perpendicular yellow rock 700 feet high towered above our heads, and nestling at its foot lay the clear and placid pool which has received the name of "Petrarch's Fountain."

About midway between the village and the head of the stream, occupying, it is thought, the site of Petrarch's house and the garden he took such pains to beautify, stands a modern paper-mill, defiling the water with its refuse and loading the air with foul, sulphureous vapour. On the narrow pathway as we passed were piled huge bales of rags, suggestive of contamination from filth, if not from disease.

Started again in the closed carriage at 4 o'clock for Avignon, and were glad to reach our hotel there at 7 P.M.


May 2nd.—Left in the omnibus with Mr. Warry-Stone and several others for the 10.40 train to Dijon. Obligated to take places in the *wagon restaurant*, and occupied seats most of the day in the *salon*. Weather

decidedly warm ; passed Lyon about 4 o'clock and arrived at Dijon at 6. The fine burgundies of the Hôtel de Jura *n'existent plus*, and the pommard we drank at dinner was new and bad.

May 3rd.—Left Dijon about 11 A.M., and reached Paris at 5 P.M. Drove to the Hôtel des Deux Mondes, where we were glad to have a wood fire in the evening.

Paris. *May 4th.*—Went out to lunch at the Café d'Orléans, where one of the waiters told us the admission to the Salon was 1 franc, and on driving there we found it was 5 francs. Nevertheless we entered and soon found ourselves in the vast desert of painted canvas which seemed immeasurably spread on all sides of us. First saw a portrait of General Boulanger and then a magnificent work of art, "Card. Lavigerie," by M. Bonnat. We also fortunately came upon "Le Portrait de ma Fille," by M. Carolus Durand ; and after much searching found Mr. Weeks's solitary picture, "Un Rajah de Jodhpore."

A DAY IN HOLLAND.

 ROSE early and peered through the window blinds to see the sun high in the heavens, but of a very watery aspect, which led me to prognosticate bad weather, an opinion in which I was entirely mistaken, as the day turned out brilliantly fine and not too warm. Took our *ondbijt* (breakfast) at 8 o'clock and set off by steam tram for Leyden. A delicious road, traversing flower gardens, hay-fields sweet with the perfume of the new-mown crop, shady avenues of trees, villages trim and clean as in the scenes of an opera, peaceful, glassy canals, and at last reaching a wide expanse of the Rhine. Thence across broad meadowlands studded with lovely cattle as if made of ebony and ivory, we caught sight of the towers of Leyden.

Reached the Leyden gate and set out to walk, as there were no cabs or carriages, to the Goude Lieuwe there (*Lion d'Or*) which gave us an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette* and provided us with a neat victoria in which to go and call upon the other "lions." These are the University, the Town Hall (*Stadshuis*), the Museum, and the Burg, etc.

The University is a mere high school with not the slightest architectural pretensions, but rendered interesting from its association with famous names, such as those of Scaliger (pronounced "Galleher" with an "S" before it)

Boerhaave, Arminius, and in latter days Kuenen, the great biblical exegetist.

Edmondo de Amicis in *Olanda* is very unjust in his disparaging observations upon Leyden. We found it very much alive and thought its flower gardens, shops, streets, and canals all charming. The *Plantsöeven* is unique—a beautiful parterre bordered by the Rhine on one side and by handsome villas on the other, over whose delicate gravelled walks we were permitted to drive, though it seemed as if they would be profaned even by the wheels of a perambulator. The Burg is the acropolis from which the brave burgomaster Van Werf defied the beleaguering host of Spaniards, and endured all the horrors of famine and pestilence for seven months until relieved by William the Silent. To his starving and clamorous fellow-citizens who besought him to surrender he offered his sword and his dead body, but would not yield to the enemy. Aggie and I walked round the ramparts he had so gallantly held in the brave days of old.

After visiting the handsome Stadshuis and the Municipal Museum, we made an excursion (of my discovery) to Endegeest, a charming *maison de campagne*, in which Descartes had resided for several years. It gave me vast pleasure to contemplate so actual a relic of that great man and an abode so worthy of "Divine philosophy," which seemed still to shed a sweet air of peace over the woods and lawns around. Finally returned to the Hague conscious of possessing "the tender grace of a day that is dead, that will never come back to me."


. It is a great disappointment that I have failed to find any record by my husband's pen of our sojourn at the Hague—the visit we made to the historic house in the wood, and the happy days we spent at the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam.—A. L. F.

EXCURSION

TO

DRESDEN, SAXON SWITZERLAND, PRAGUE. VISIT TO
BERLIN.—CHARLOTTENBURG, POTSDAM, SANS-SOUCI.

SEPTEMBER 3RD—29TH, 1894.

N fulfilment of a long-cherished design to visit Dresden and see the Sistine Madonna, radiant with the glory of Raphael's pencil, as well as other art treasures and objects of interest which we knew to be collected there, we started from home on Monday, the 3rd September, *viâ* Dover and Calais for Brussels.

The morning was very wet and the sea rough, and though we had a private cabin on board one of the large steamers, the crossing proved very disagreeable. We journeyed comfortably enough to Brussels, or at least to the Station du Midi, but our progress thence to the Station du Nord seemed to be interminable. I ought, in fact, to have taken my tickets and registered my luggage to the former, instead of the latter, which would have brought us nearly an hour sooner to our hotel. At the Station du Nord, too, we had to trudge along an immense length of platform and even to cross the mud-covered *place* with our handbags, in order to reach the hotel omnibus. However, we had the interior to ourselves, and a short drive along the

handsome, well-lighted Boulevard Anspach brought us to the Place de la Bourse and the Grand Hôtel Central.

The hall, the *personnel*, the *ascenseur*, and staircase of the latter did not present the attractive aspect which generally determines the character of one's first impressions, but our room gained Agnes's approval by its size and general air of comfort.

We slept well, but were awakened at a rather early hour by the concerted howlings of a number of dogs, and on looking out we saw, in front of our room, the handsome façade of the Bourse, while in the street below was being held a vegetable market, and the dogs which had drawn their little carts to the rendezvous were now, in their idle moments, amusing themselves by barking. The noise exceeded any I had heard proceed from the streets of Constantinople. As the vegetables were spread upon the dirty street, the scene did not tend to raise one's ideas of the cleanliness of the Belgian people.

September 4th.—We took our *déjeuner* on the balcony outside the dining-room, but felt the air a little cold, and did not again try the experiment of a breakfast *al fresco*. We then drove to the railway station (du Nord) to make inquiries for our journey next day to Köln, and afterwards Agnes returned to the hotel.

I drove to the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, a long distance off in the Quartier Leopold, in order to see the four magnificent skeletons of iguanodons discovered by Bernissart in the chalk in Hainault.

September 5th.—On going to the Station du Nord soon after 9 o'clock this morning, I shortly realised that Mr. William Forbes's kind offices had been effective, and that a special *coupé* was reserved for us to Cologne. Rain fell heavily while we were at Verviers, but happily our

douane was situated *not* there, but at Herbesthal, farther on, where the weather was fine and the unpleasant ordeal of "visiting" one's baggage was reduced to a minimum. Here we found the "time" exactly one hour in advance of that of Belgium, and we altered our watches accordingly. The railway line follows a very prettily diversified and picturesque country, sweeps round Aachen, and in a short time our train stopped just under the walls of the noble *dom* in Köln. The inhabitants are naturally proud of the handsome new railway station which has been erected here, on the site of the old, within the last two years ; and it certainly forms a not unworthy *vis-à-vis* to its ancient and splendid neighbour, the cathedral.

September 6th.—This was to be our longest day of travel, so that it was all important to have easy and comfortable accommodation, and as German trains and their ways were almost new to me, I felt unusually nervous and apprehensive as to how we might get on. The corridor train, or *harmonica zug*, as it is termed in Germany, is popular in Prussia, and that which we entered was elegantly and luxuriously fitted up. But I fortunately learned by inquiring of the conductor that we should be obliged to change carriages at Hildesheim, and that the train thence to Dresden was not a corridor train. Under these circumstances I begged the man to telegraph to Hildesheim and request the station master (*bahnhofs-vorsteher*) there to put on a special *coupé* for us. This he did without any hesitation, and we found the *coupé* ready in the train by which we were to proceed to Dresden ; nor did anyone but ourselves enter it until a gentleman got in at Leipzig. The route was pleasantly varied by thickly wooded heights, and the weather was fine throughout. We passed some towns of importance, such as Halle, the

birthplace of Handel (1685), and, at some distance from Halle, Eisleben, where Luther was born.

The gentleman who joined us at Leipsig could speak English, and told us, among other things, that Saxony resented the interference of Prussia in her railways and other matters, and preferred to follow her own lead. He also incidentally mentioned that the officers of the Army had an unfair advantage over other classes, inasmuch as they formed a kind of aristocracy with the additional privilege of marrying all the nicest and most eligible girls. Soon after the train left Leipsig, night began to fall, and we saw little or nothing of the intervening country until the lights of Dresden appeared, and we soon saw them reflected in the waters of the Elbe, which looked highly picturesque as we crossed the bridge which leads from the Neustadt to the Altstadt Station. Here a new surprise was in store for us, as it is not the fashion for the hotels to send omnibuses to the railway stations, and all traffic is conducted by droschkies. Our rather heavy luggage was therefore piled on the footboard of one—a landau—and with our smaller things inside we set off to the Hotel Bellevue. It seemed a long way thither, and as we approached our goal, uncertainty and doubt began to grow as to the character of the accommodation we should find awaiting us. Though Agnes was necessarily wearied by a long day's journey, she was asked to *walk* upstairs to the second floor, while not a word was said about the lift, which all the time lay *perdu* in its recess against the wall. It seemed as if the waiter who preceded me would never reach the point of the interminable corridor where our room was situated. But at last, when I could put my head in, I discovered a handsome, spacious apartment, luxuriously furnished and brilliant with a blaze of electric

light. I immediately ran back to Agnes, who had stopped to rest on the staircase, and whispered to her that we were in Paradise. And so, indeed, it proved, and we made the Hotel Bellevue our headquarters until we finally left on September 26th for Berlin.

September 7th.—So we had at length reached the far-distant banks of the Elbe, and looked out from our bedroom windows on the handsome Hoftheater, the curious cathedral, the dome of the royal palace, the Zwinger (in one wing of which the picture gallery has its place) and the twin graceful spires of the Maria Kirche. Between them lay the pretty Theater Platz, its centre occupied by a fine equestrian statue of the late King of Saxony, with his noble features, worthy of the Dante scholar and commentator that he was. From the breakfast-room we daily enjoyed the charming prospect of the Elbe itself and the picturesque Augustus Brücke which crosses it, whose incessant stream of traffic, mostly in one direction, served, from our point of view, to recall the “Visions of Mirza” familiar to all lovers of the *Spectator*. On the opposite side of the river, beyond the bridge, the new and splendid pile of building which forms the finance department of the Government stood conspicuous, and lower down—nearly opposite our hotel—the Japanese Palace, surrounded by elegant gardens, and its roof green with carbonate of copper.

On quitting the hotel, our first steps were turned towards that central object with which, in our minds, the name of Dresden had been so long associated, and in a few moments we had passed through the lofty, massive doors of the Zwinger. These admit to a splendid hall, from which ascends a broad flight of marble steps leading to the first floor, which is entirely occupied by the picture gallery. It

was at first a matter of some difficulty to satisfy our impatience and to ascertain where the Sistine Madonna was placed, but by dint of inquiring and again and again losing our way, we at length discovered the cabinet, at one *extremity* of the gallery, in which it stands peerless and alone. On two sides of the room, which, besides, is well lighted from a large lateral window, easy couches covered with crimson velvet are placed for the convenience of the spectator. Here we sat, to feast our eyes on the "*cosa veramente rarissima e singolare*," as Vasari calls it, which the munificence of Augustus III, directed by his eccentric minister, Graf Brühl, had procured for the Dresden Gallery in 1753. It cost, then, 20,000 ducats, or about £8,000 sterling; and on the base of the frame runs the following inscription in large gilt letters:—

"FECE (RAFAELLO) A' MONACI NERI DI SAN SISTO IN PIACENZA LA TAVOLA DELLO ALTAR MAGGIORE DENTROVI LA NOSTRA DONNA CON SAN SISTO E SANTA BARBARA, COSA VERAMENTE RARISSIMA E SINGOLARE (VASARI, VITA DI RAFAELLO DA URBINO)."

And in German—

"MARIA MIT DEM KINDE AUF WOLKEN, LINKS DER HEILIGE PAPST SIXTUS II RECHTS DIE HEILIGE BARBARA."

In the way of comment on this renowned *chef d'œuvre*, I shall only venture to say that the Virgin and Santa Barbara are glorified types of the Christian ideal of female beauty and sanctity, which find an admirable foil in the ugly features and mean, cringing figure of the adoring Pope. The Child at first appeared to wear a sickly, pained, unnatural expression, particularly about the eyes, and it

was difficult to reconcile with it the lines upon the picture written by Schopenhauer :—

* * * * *

. . . Doch strahlet Ruh' und Zuversicht
Und Siegesglanz sein Aug', verkundigend
Schon der Erlösung ewige Gewissheit.

Let me now enumerate the pictures which made the greatest impression upon us in this wonderful collection, which contains not only a large number of the choicest productions of the Italian schools, but also several splendid examples of the greatest masters of the Netherlands, of Germany, and of Spain. On that side of the gallery which looks over the Theater Platz runs a series of "cabinets," numbered consecutively 1, 2, 3, up to 21, the three sides of each being hung with pictures, while the fourth side is formed by the window—the passage running between the latter and the cabinet. In No. 1, which stands immediately behind the room of the "Madonna di San Sisto," are to be found the following works :—

1. Two narrow upright pilasters painted by Lucca Signorelli.
2. A superb large work of Cima da Conigliano called the "Tempelgang," representing the Virgin ascending the steps of the Temple for the first time.
3. Two splendid Botticellis—one representing scenes in the life of St. Zenobius.
4. The beautiful "Virgin and Child with the Infant John," by A. Mantegna.
5. A lovely Lorenzo Lotto, and,
6. A highly finished picture, "The Annunciation," in a richly decorated Renaissance hall, by the rare Ferrarese master of the fifteenth century, Francesco Cossa. It is his chief work.

7. An exquisite "Virgin and Child enthroned in Front of a Marble Niche," attributed to Gentile da Fabriano, an Umbrian master of the transition period. (He was in Venice in 1422, in Siena and Orvieto in 1425 ; 1427 in Rome.)
8. "The Virgin and Child with the Infant St. John adoring," by Lorenzo di Credi. (Florentine 1459-1537. Scholar of Andrea del Verocchio.)

Cabinet No. 2 contains the famous picture by Titian, "The Tribute Money," representing the Saviour with the Jew who is showing him the coin. Also two splendid works, nearly facing each other, of Palma Vecchio—the finest examples of the master I have seen.

A little farther on, in another cabinet, is a magnificent portrait by Paolo Moranda. (He is called "Il Cavazzola" ; born at Verona, 1486, died there 1522.)

We now pass to the centre cabinets, 10, 11, 12, which stand in a projection of the building towards the Theater Platz, and on the left of the passage, instead of the right. They contain two works of exceptional beauty and excellence—

"The Cavaliers," by Thomas de Keyser.

A girl reading a letter by an open window, by Jan van der Meer—also Vermeer—van Delft.*

A half-length of extraordinary beauty, from the effective management of the light, which is made to fall, first, on a crimson curtain hanging over the top of the window ; then on the upright figure of the girl holding the letter

* There are three artists of the above-named, of whom this one is known as Jan van der Meer *van Delft*. The other two are van Haarlem and are distinguished as the elder and the younger. The two latter are landscape painters. And there is also a van der Neer (Aert, or Arthur) of Amsterdam, a painter of canal and river scenery.

in her hands in front of her ; and lastly, on a green curtain which is looped up in heavy folds behind her. On her left is represented a couch covered with a rich Oriental rug and a plate of fruit on the latter. The picture was valued by Mr. Solomon, of London, at £10,000.

Though it stands in one of the large rooms among the Rembrandts, I may as well recall here the chief work of this rare and exquisite master. A girl with her lover, a lute player, and a woman on a balcony. It is remarkable for its bold and unusual contrasts of colour, the girl wearing a bright yellow canary-coloured jacket, over one shoulder of which her lover's arm is laid clothed in scarlet. The whole effect is beautiful and harmonious in the extreme.

In the large rooms are hung some seventeen Rembrandts, all very fine, but those which chiefly impressed us were—

1. A portrait of the artist with Saskia on his knee.
2. A portrait of Saskia, with a red flower in her right hand.
3. Ganymede in the talons of an eagle. (Compare the same subject as treated by Mr. B. Rivière at Roy. Acad. Exhibition of 1894.)
4. There is also a very fine portrait of an old man with a beard, and by the side of it hangs an admirable portrait of a lady, by another Dutch master ; but while the latter could be readily *copied*, it would be beyond the power of any artist to make a good copy of the Rembrandt—just as Henri Rigaud wholly failed, after months of application, to reproduce “Las Lanzas” of Velasquez.

One of the first pictures one sees on entering the gallery

is a Madonna and Child by Murillo hung by the doorway ; while on the other side of the same door hangs a splendid composition by the same artist, St. Rodriguez, to whom an angel is bringing a wreath.

Also, in the same room, on the left of the staircase, is a famous picture by Ribera, Mary Magdalene in her cell, waited upon by angels. The figure of the saint is covered by her long, thick, dark hair as by a cloak. It was formerly erroneously pronounced to be St. Mary of Egypt ; but recently it has been declared by Justi to be St. Agnes.

In a suite of rooms on the ground floor, facing the entrance to the picture gallery proper, is an extensive collection of Canalettis, together with other masters ; and also a considerable number of pastels, mostly portrait busts of famous persons. Among the latter, I was greatly struck by the plain, commonplace features of Metastasio—a vulgar, but honest, good-humoured face, wholly unlike that of a poet, but well suited to a priest.

Another of the pastels is the popular and elegant full-length figure known as “The Chocolate Girl,” or “The Vienna Chocolate Girl—Baldauf,” from the pencil of the French artist, Jean-Etienne Liotard (1702–1789).*

With respect to the Canalettis, there are only six pictures to which that distinctive title can be properly applied, the subjects of which are all taken from Venice ; while there are three dozen other pictures all painted by Canaletto. The explanation is this : there are really two painters who bear that *sobriquet*. The elder, Antonio Canale, called Canaletto, was born in Venice, 1697, and

* “*La belle chocoladière* was a waitress in a coffee-house at Vienna, and a celebrated beauty of the last century, who married into a high Austrian family—the Dietrichsteins. —MURRAY.

died there in 1768. The younger, or later, was Bernardo Bellotto, called Canaletto, born at Venice, 1720, died at Warsaw, 1780. He was nephew and pupil of Antonio Canale. The large number of his works above-mentioned hang in this part of the gallery, and represent almost exclusively lovely views of Dresden, the Elbe, and Pirna, rendering it probable that Bernardo Belotto passed much of his time at the court of the Saxon kings.

THE JOHANNEUM

Is a large building, forming one entire side of the Augustus Strasse. The entrance is under an archway, through which one passes into a pretty courtyard with ivy-covered walls. Some royal carriages and stables occupy the ground floor, while on the first floor is located the armoury, and above that is the collection of porcelain. The side facing the Augustus Strasse displays a fine fresco, in which the succession of kings and rulers of Saxony from the earliest times is very spiritedly represented.

The armoury is one of the "finest collections of the kind in Europe" (Murray), and we certainly found it even more interesting than the Armeria Reale at Madrid. This arises from the extraordinary beauty and the elaborate, artistic workmanship of the many suits of parade armour which it contains. One of these, which belonged to Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy (*d.* 1630) is of Milanese manufacture, and forms the most gorgeous panoply which it would be possible for a knight to wear.

We were also greatly struck by the figures of two mounted knights, arrayed in complete armour and with their long lances in rest, facing each other, just as they might be in the battle ordeal (*Gottesgerichts Kampf*).

The whole accoutrement seemed ponderous and unwieldy, and the lances so heavy that the butt of each had to be supported by a stout iron hook fixed to the back piece of the saddle. The one who was thrown generally broke his neck, owing to the great weight (over 200 lbs.) of the suit he wore.

We also stood within the handsome and spacious tent which belonged to the Mahomedan leader at the siege of Vienna—Mustapha—and was taken by John Sobieski.

The Hessian boots worn by Napoleon at the Battle of Dresden (1813) and the embroidered white satin slippers which he used at his coronation were displayed in a glass case.

On the floor above that which is occupied by the armour and a beautiful gallery of modern and mediæval weapons, is arranged a splendid collection of Chinese porcelain. Many of the vases and other pieces are wrought in colours which are no longer to be obtained, such as a peculiar shade of blue and a light green. There is also in the same collection an immense quantity of Japanese, Dresden, and Sèvres china.

THE ALBERTINUM.

This is a handsome new building, by the side of the Brühl Terrace, and in a line with the scarcely yet completed Academy of Fine Arts. On entering the hall, we first went downstairs to a suite of rooms on the ground floor, or rather basement, in which are placed casts of modern works. On the stairs we were confronted with a fine reproduction of Houdon's statue of Voltaire from the *foyer* of the Théâtre Français, and as we passed into the principal apartment our gaze was arrested by an exquisite group of the dead Christ and the Virgin stand-

ing over him, the work of the sculptor Rietschl. The expression imparted to the features and attitude of the Virgin is most refined, pathetic, and beautiful, while as far as can be from that exaggeration which is often the keynote of such subjects. There is no wringing of the hands, no contortion of the brow, no tears—but the majestic silent calm of deep and suppressed grief.

Within the gallery proper stand numerous life-size statues and groups of famous men, such as Goethe and Schiller; and a small inimitable bust of Friedrich the Great with his cocked hat tilted knowingly over one eye greatly engaged our attention.

Ascending the stairs again, we reached the hall of entrance, whence a noble double staircase conducts to the first floor. On either hand are to be seen exquisite bronzes and other objects of art, such as the statue of a Roman lady in full costume brought from *Herculaneum*, and opposite to it, on another bracket, the well-known statue of *Sophocles* from the *Lateran Museum* in *Rome*.

These form a worthy prelude to the rich artistic contents which occupy the several rooms of the first floor. Facing the entrance stands the colossal statue of *Athéna Promachos* holding the spear with which she scared *Alaric* and his *Goths* from the precincts of the *Parthenon*; and the passage on her left hand leads to the *Olympian* room, that on her right to the *Pergamon* sculptures.

Nothing can exceed the beauty, taste, and elegance with which this gallery has been constructed, and its perfect adaptation to the object in view—that of properly lighting its contents. The roof extends over a little more than half the space to be covered, and is not flat, but curved. The remainder is of glass, also curved, so that a head light

only is admitted to that extent. The under surface of this half roof is painted in Pompeian style and harmonises admirably with the other decorations of the rooms and with the classic objects to be exhibited. We first enter a large apartment on either side of which are placed the pediments of the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia, each filled with its appropriate group of figures of full size. In the centre of the room stands a beautiful Niké, or Victory, resting on tiptoe with expanded wings; and at one end (near the door which leads into the Saal) is a reduced model of one of the pediments delicately coloured.

A small room adjoining is devoted to Egyptian objects; and farther on, in a suite of rooms, are exquisite casts (*abgüsse*) of all the *chefs d'œuvres* of Florentine artists—Michael Angelo, Donatello, and Company. The “Night” and “Morning” of the former are as fine as in their native chapel at Florence and immeasurably better seen.

But it would not be possible to enumerate the various other most beautiful statues and busts collected in this department, amongst which one might pass days of enjoyment and admiration; and I must now pass on to the Pergamon group of marbles.

Having seen some fragments of these when they were turned out by Dr. Humann on the Acropolis of Pergamon, I was naturally desirous of viewing the entire composition of the Gigantomachia, indeed, this was one of the objects of our visit to Berlin, where the original marbles are placed. I discovered afterwards, however, that the effect of the whole can be better realised from the casts in the Dresden Albertinum than from the marbles themselves, because while the latter are lying prostrate on the floor of the Museum, the former have been grouped as they probably were in the original composition.

A further room is devoted to casts from the monuments of Ægina and Phigalia, the originals of which are at Munich.

In conclusion, I may say that I have never visited any art collection which leaves in the memory a more delightful impression than that which we derived from two mornings spent in the Albertinum at Dresden.

THE GREEN VAULTS.

The eight rooms known under this designation are situated on the ground floor of the Royal Palace at Dresden and have nothing vault-like in character, except that they are low and small and not particularly well lighted. They are devoted to a heterogeneous collection of objects, ranging from antique bronzes and Limoges enamels to a magnificent display of the most costly brilliants. In some respects the treasures are akin to those which one sees in the Rosenborg Slot at Copenhagen, and, like them, represent the acquisitions of a succession of reigns, the Elector Augustus (1553-1586) being the chief original contributor, and Augustus the Strong having exercised his acknowledged taste and love of art to add greatly to the collection.

The character of a large number of objects is that of seventeenth and eighteenth century goldsmiths' work of Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Dresden, and the names of the more famous artists represented are :—

Johann Melchior Dinglinger (the favourite jeweller of Augustus the Strong).

Permoser, of Dresden.

Adrian de Vries, a Flemish artist of the Hague.

P. Vischer, of Nuremberg.

George Friedrich Dinglinger (died 1720) the brother of

the renowned jeweller, who lived at Dresden and was one of the most distinguished artists of his time.

Jean Courtois, the famous Limoges artist, many of whose works are to be seen in the Louvre.

Daniel Kellerthaler, a celebrated goldsmith of Dresden. The baptismal basin of silver-gilt which continues to be used at the christenings of the royal family was made by him in the course of the years 1613-1615.

Sebald Schwerzer, the alchemist (died 1598), is the maker of a square plate of blue purple glass No. 217.

Johann Kunckel, the chemist (1630-1702) who re-discovered ruby glass. At his death this peculiar art fell into oblivion.

EXCURSIONS.

We made two principal excursions from Dresden, first, to Saxon Switzerland, secondly, to Prague in Bohemia, and minor excursions to Loschwitz and Meissen.

For the first we started from the Hotel Bellevue at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, September 15th, and drove in a droschky to the Böhmisches Bahnhof, taking tickets for Pirna. We had previously ordered the proprietor of the hotel at the Bastei to send a carriage to meet us, and when the train reached Pirna Station at 10 A.M., we found it already waiting, the telegraphic despatch which we had sent being deposited for safe custody inside one of the carriage lamps. The driver drew it forth for the purpose of identifying us. The carriage was a small open one with a front and back seat and a hood and very easy and comfortable. The horses, as we frequently observed

throughout Saxony, were well-bred, handsome animals. Soon after starting we crossed the Elbe by a picturesque bridge, and a little later we began to ascend to the higher ground which lay between us and our destination. The weather, which had been slightly foggy in the early morning, now began to assume a brighter aspect, and a brilliant sun soon came forth to confirm the prospect of a fine day. The road we followed grew progressively delicious, being bordered on either side with fruit trees whose branches were laden with the odorous gifts of Pomona. Hardly a breath of air or a speck of dust was stirring, and the sun diffused his light and warmth about us. It would be impossible for either of us to more fully enjoy a two hours' drive anywhere.

While passing through a wood, within a short distance of the Bastei, we obtained our first glimpse of the peculiar scenery of the district, and stepping from the carriage we quickly gained a point from which a great range of grey columnar rocks stretched in front of us. We were separated from them only by a deep narrow valley, or recess, which might have been scooped out by the action of flood.

The Bastei itself was close at hand, and consisted of the hotel, extensive restaurants, covered and *al fresco*, a small post office for the transmission of the innumerable illustrated post-cards despatched by visitors to their friends at home, two little shops of primitive construction for the sale of native lace and photographs, and the Bastei rock itself. The view from the latter down upon the valley of the Elbe—here very narrow—is charmingly picturesque and quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere, with the river and the railway winding side by side through the midst of emerald green meadows. In the distance are observed several isolated table-like peaks, such as the

Lilienstein, Königstein, Papstein, etc., while behind us stood the Grosse Gans and Kleine Gans, projections of the rocky range we had first seen, each surmounted by a flag. To crown all, the weather was superb, and after breakfasting satisfactorily and inditing a couple of *gruss* cards, we regained our carriage, shook hands with the blonde and burly Teuton, our landlord, and set off at 1.30 on our way to Schandau, *viâ* the beautiful Polenzthal.

The road continued to be very interesting, and in a short time we reached a spot in the midst of a fir wood where the driver told us we were to dismount for the purpose of "doing" the Hochstein. He then informed us that the carriage would meet us in the Polenzthal, to which we must descend—

Per un sentier ch'ad una valle fiede.

(By a path which issues in a valley.)—DANTE.

A few minutes' walking took us to the summit, a flat table rock, somewhat like the Bastei, whence we looked down 400 feet upon the pretty valley beneath, traversed by a rapid stream and bordered by a mill. A friendly old lady who had established herself in a tiny shop close by gave us instructions as to our route, but happily, while we were discussing the subject, a small boy turned up whom I chartered to conduct us and carry some superfluous wraps. The descent was of a very disagreeable kind, being made partly by ladders, and partly by steps cut in the sides of the rock. A frail wooden bridge served to carry us over the deep yawning chasm called the Wolfeschlucht, and we might say of the *descent* to the Polenzthal, as Virgil has said of the *ascent* from another place, "*hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

At last, however, we regained the carriage and with little or no delay resumed our road to Schandau. We had the

companionship of the river all the way, and at one place passed through another splendid group of rocks called the Carolinas. As soon as the valley proper had been traversed, we emerged on the high road, which runs parallel to the railway, until we reached the confines of Schandau, but did not go so far as the town itself. Instead of doing so, we crossed the Elbe by a fine iron suspension bridge, in order to gain the station, on the left bank of the river. Here the chief porter came forward with the usual marked courtesy and showed us to the waiting room, where we had a cup of hot tea, and after half an hour's delay we got off by the 5.16 P.M. train for Dresden. A delightful and memorable day!

PRAGUE.

At Dresden we were constantly hearing about Prague. Travellers from Vienna invariably halted there, saw it more or less, and talked of it equivocally at the *Bellevue table d'hôte*. So we resolved to pay it a visit and judge for ourselves; and after more than one postponement we started for the Bohemian capital on Wednesday, September 19th, by the 11.35 A.M. train. The weather was beautifully fine, and continued so till we returned to the same station in Dresden at 7 on Saturday evening. Our route lay along the Elbe by Piena and Schandau, and we recognised, as we passed, the now familiar Bastei and other spots in Saxon Switzerland. At Bodenbach I was unexpectedly summoned to a visitation of our luggage, always an unpleasant process, at least in anticipation, but it was in reality rendered very easy by the courtesy of the officials. The recollection of our misadventure last year at Roosendaal in Holland has made me perhaps unduly apprehensive of our luggage being left behind. A little beyond the frontier we

passed Aussig and soon afterwards recognised Schreckenstein, the scene of a lovely painting in the Modern Department of the Dresden Gallery by Adrian Ludwig Richter (1803–1884), representing a group of peasants and a harper in a boat suffused by the rays of the setting sun and looking up in attitudes of awe, and almost of adoration, at the awful rock towering above them. Almost the entire way to Prague our train ran close to the river, and we had many charming glimpses of the Bohemian country. We also obtained a very distinct view of Toplitz, with its extensive bathing houses and hotels. It is distant some 13 miles from Aussig and is served by a separate branch railway. But the day was hot, and the road somewhat dusty, and our compartment in a mixed corridor carriage was not altogether comfortable. So Aggie was much relieved when at eight minutes past 3 o'clock we were permitted to *aussteigen* in the large station at Prague.

The railway porters here were as *prévenant* as those we left behind in Germany, but their German vocabulary was very limited, and their native *Böhmische Sprache* wholly unintelligible. Under such circumstances Herr Welzer, of the Victoria Hotel, had sent with his omnibus to meet us a very respectable old fellow, Franz Kloutbeck, who had spent several years in the colony of New South Wales, to serve as an interpreter. I am sorry to say we left him behind at the station, from that initial feeling of repugnance which one has to such men; but the following day we employed him as our cicerone in ordinary. We learned from him to our dismay that "the best English is spoken in New South Wales."

On our way to the hotel the omnibus drove through the Graben (an expressive name indicating that it was the site of the ancient ditch which adjoined the fortifications), now

re-christened by the Home Rule Czechs Prince's Street—a fine thoroughfare with handsome shops and fine houses on either side. At right angles to the Graben is another leading street in process of reconstruction—Wenzel Platz—at the top of which in a splendid position stands the New Museum, removed thither from the Graben. The Wenzel Platz is also planted with trees, and when the new buildings on either side are complete, it will present a striking and unique appearance.

The Hotel Victoria is situated in a street which runs parallel to and closely adjoins the Wenzel Platz; and soon after our arrival we ordered an open carriage to take us for a drive through the town. The horses were small, but well matched and well bred, and the coachman, a dark, smartly got up Czech, was *reputed* to speak German. We first made a promenade, partly on foot, through the Graben, and then drove under the highly picturesque and imposing Gothic tower called the Pulver Thurm, which formed part of the former defences of the old town. Thence we descended by a comparatively narrow street to a large square called the Grosser Ring, in which stand the Town Hall and the Teyn Kirche (Huss's church). In front of the Rathhaus were executed some 28 officers whom Wallenstein brought to justice for their cowardice at the battle of Lützen in 1632. We stopped to see a very remarkable clock which forms an ornament and attraction on the tower of the Rathhaus. It was constructed in the year 1490 (two years before Columbus discovered America) and repaired in 1865. It registers the time from sunset to sunset, *i.e.*, from 1 to 24, as well as the hours at which the sun and moon rise on each day of the year. Twelve figures representing the Apostles also appear and move in procession as each hour strikes, and

Death is also seen at the same time vigorously plying his scythe.

The driver now turned his horses' heads towards the famous Karl's Brücke, which crosses the Moldau and connects the Altstadt with what is called the Kleinseite. On the latter are situated the Hradschin, the cathedral church of St. Veit, several palaces of the nobility, including that of Wallenstein, the Laurenzberg, and the monastery on the Strahow.

Facing us, as we approached the bridge from the Altstadt, is the beautiful old watch-tower, under which we drove, and on our right stood the handsome monument to King Charles IV, erected in 1848, to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the foundation of the university. The bridge is very massive and 1,572 German feet long. It was begun by the Emperor Charles IV in 1357 and finished 1503. On each side are 28 statues of saints, the most noted of which is one, well executed in bronze, of St. John Nepomuk.

As our carriage proceeded slowly over, the view of the river and of the rising ground beyond, crowned by the lofty Hradschin, was quite enchanting, and left an ineffaceable impression of the imposing grandeur and beauty of the place.

Having crossed the bridge, we next drove to the Kleiner Ring, which is at a little distance, and saw the monument to Field-Marshal Radetzky, erected in 1858 (the year of his death). The hero stands upon a shield upheld by eight of his soldiers, and his flat, square head and dark features gave him quite the appearance of a Negro.

Next morning, about half past 9, we set off in the same carriage and with the same coachman, but accompanied by our guide above referred to, Franz Kloutbeck,

and crossed the Moldau by a fine iron suspension bridge. Our destination was the Laurenzberg, for the purpose of visiting the "Treasury" and other objects of interest in that neighbourhood. The former belongs to an exact model of the house at Loretto, erected here at the cost of a pious Princess Lobkowitz, and contains an immense array of embroidered garments, precious stones, monstrances, etc., devoted to the image of the Holy Virgin. On the wall we were shown the portrait of a Princess Kolowrat, who as soon as she had returned from her wedding took off all her jewels and presented them to the shrine.

But the main attraction to us of this part of the town was the monastery on the Strahow and its beautiful library. It belongs to a confraternity of Premonstratensian monks, and the gentleman who received us, clad in his habit of white serge, would have done honour to any society by the urbanity of his manners and the conscientious painstaking with which he exhibited to us the many interesting and valuable objects under his care. Not a few of these were taken from the domain of natural history, and some of the most curious were a series of small wooden boxes shaped exactly to imitate books, of about octavo size, within which were arranged all the parts of a tree—its seeds, leaves, fruit, etc.

The library proper consisted of four rooms surrounding a quadrangle, in the first of which we were shown a number of bibles in Bohemian and other tongues, many of which were exquisitely illuminated and some written entirely by hand.

The fourth and last room is by far the finest in its proportions, and to it is evidently consigned the chief part of the library of 50,000 volumes.

The *coup d'œil* on entering it is almost enough to take one's breath away, or to make one think he has stepped

across the threshold of some Aladdin's palace, so brilliant, rich, and tasteful are the furniture and decorations. The presses which line the walls are all of polished walnut-wood resplendent with gilding; the ceiling is covered with frescoes, the floor of marqueterie; and the bays which stand in front of each window contain the most elegant and inviting seats for readers. It would be difficult for any library to surpass this, and the monks who have the advantage of reading in it must enjoy a privilege that is accorded to very few students.

The only other interior of surpassing interest which we visited on this day was the cathedral of St. Veit, which so closely adjoins the Hradschin Palace as to seem almost a part of its vast enclosure.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The most conspicuous and notable object which we saw on entering the church was the shrine of St. John Nepomuk standing on the right side of the altar in the south aisle. Its chief ornaments are enormous masses of silver in various forms, and the *baldacchino* overhanging it is upheld by the hands of four lusty angels in massive silver which appear to float in the air. The weight of that precious metal in the shrine is computed to be 37 cwt.

We were next shown the beautiful mausoleum of white marble which stands in the centre of the church near the west door, the work of a famous sculptor, Colin of Mechlin. It was erected in 1589 by Rudolph II as a monument to himself and other Kings of Bohemia who lie buried there.

The next most remarkable object is St. Wenzel's Chapel, the patron saint of Bohemia, which contains much rich and curious decoration of native precious stones. But our attention was particularly drawn by the guides who accom-

panied us to a heavy brass ring attached to a door, as it is asserted that the saint clung to it to the last, when he was murdered by his brother-in-law, Boleslaw, in 936, in the church of the Alt-Bunzlau.

The cathedral has sustained serious damage, first from the followers of Huss, and afterwards in 1757, during the Seven Years' War, when it was severely bombarded by Frederick the Great, 215 balls having penetrated the roof, and 1,500 in all having entered the building.

THE HRADSCHIN PALACE.

We did not go into the palace, but on the narrow terrace immediately under the walls we saw the spot where the nobles Slawata and Martinitz were thrown out of the window of the council chamber and fell from a height of 80 feet without being killed. This unwarrantable act of violence was the beginning in 1618 of the Thirty Years' War, which terminated in 1648 with the unsuccessful siege of Prague.

The late unfortunate Prince Rudolph was the last who inhabited the palace.

THE MUSEUM.

This very handsome new building occupies an incomparable site on the high ground at the top of the Wenzel Platz, and forms an extremely ornamental object, whether viewed from a distance, or near at hand. Its contents were formerly placed in a house in the Kolowrat Strasse, or Graben, now being rebuilt, and have not yet been rearranged in their new quarters. For this reason it was not possible to see those objects of which we were in search—peculiar specimens of coal formation described by

Dean Buckland in his *Bridgewater Treatise*—but the departments already completed were very courteously shown to us. They consisted of an extraordinary number of illuminated manuscripts, bibles, etc., in one division of the building, and an exquisitely arranged series of mineralogical specimens in another. We were also very much struck by the fine and graceful proportions of the central hall on the first floor, out of which the above departments open.

BERLIN.

On September 26th we left Dresden by the 10.35 train and travelled by Elsterwerda to Berlin, which we reached at 1.43 P.M., thus making the journey in 3 hours 8 minutes.

We had one very pleasant and gentlemanly fellow-traveller, but unfortunately I discovered that fact only long enough before the end to have a few words' conversation with him.

Our train stopped at the Anhalterbahnhof, whence we took a *gepäckdroschke* to the Hotel Bristol, 5, Unter den Linden. We took some lunch in the restaurant, and as the afternoon turned out fine, we utilised it by going for a drive in the town and Thiergarten. In the latter we saw the showy, though hardly tasteful, Column of Victory, and also the richly gilded roof of the Reichstagsgebäude, or Parliament house. In the town we passed the length of the Unter den Linden, inspected the handsome and elaborate monument to Frederick the Great, saw the front of the Opera House, the Royal Schloss, the University, and other public buildings to the east.

September 27th.—About 10 A.M. we took a droschky from the hotel, and got the hall porter to tell the driver to take us to the picture gallery, and he did so in a sense,

though not that which we intended. We were put down at the entrance to the National Gallery, a fine building which faces the Lustgarten and closely adjoins the old and new museum, in which the picture gallery proper is situated. On entering the former, or National Gallery, our attention was arrested by a very fine equestrian portrait of the present Emperor, and we continued to go on from one cabinet to another, amply satisfied with what we were seeing, and for the time wholly indifferent to the classical works of which we had come in search, armed with the special catalogue lent to me by Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Haines.

Among the objects of art which interested us most highly were the following:—

1. A concert of flutes with Frederick the Great at Sans Souci. Menzel.
2. A *tafelrunde* in Sans Souci. A party of guests seated at a round table, among them Voltaire and Frederick the Great. Menzel.
3. The battlefield at Königgratz (July 3rd, 1866). O. Heyden.
4. Portrait of Prince Bismarck. Lenbach.
5. Entry of the Crown Prince of Prussia into Jerusalem (1869). Gentz.
6. Departure of King William for the army, July 31st, 1870. Menzel.

A truly touching picture. The King is seated in an open carriage, with the Queen (afterwards Empress Augusta) seated on his left. Her face is buried in her pocket-handkerchief, as if she were trying to stifle the emotions caused by such a scene. The King is uncovered, while his face wears a very serious, if not sorrowful, expression which harmonises well with the gravity of the

occasion. Even the crowd in the streets appears impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and there are no visible manifestations of levity or bravado.

7. A charming group of statuary called "Der gefährdete Amor," or Cupid in danger, in which a lovely seated Venus has got hold of his wing and is deliberately clipping it with a pair of shears. Schweinitz.

CHARLOTTENBURG.

On the afternoon of September 27th, despite of some uncertainty as to the weather, we engaged a small open carriage to go to Charlottenburg. Our road lay through the Thiergarten, which made it pleasant at starting, but we emerged among roads and streets not particularly well paved and of seemingly endless extent. So we were well pleased when our driver drew rein in front of the palace gates and told us to descend and go across the courtyard to a certain office in search of tickets, while he and the carriage moved off to a distant point to await our return. There is something specially uninviting in the outward aspect of these untenanted palaces, and the scene before us was made additionally *triste* by the absence of people, the gloomy weather, and the uncertainty as to where we were to go. It was difficult to see any one of whom to make an inquiry and we set out with the vaguest ideas as to the situation of the mausoleum. A poor old man whom I met gave the most perplexing directions as to the twists and turns we were to take, and I was vexed with myself afterwards that I did not tempt him by a small coin to come and show us the way. As it was, we walked a considerable distance only to overshoot the alley down which we should have turned, and at the bottom of which,

in a fir wood, we found the object of our search. Of course, while regretting their absence, one instinctively felt that it would be indelicate to display finger-posts pointing to the abode of the sacred dead. As soon as we had crossed the threshold, however, every rebellious thought was hushed to silence by the extraordinary beauty and solemnity of the scene. There lay, reposing on its sarcophagus, the sculptured form, lovely even in death, of the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia. Her recumbent statue in pure white marble is from the master-hand of Rauch and is not only a striking likeness of the original, but seems by its very expression to reflect the feelings and thoughts of the noble soul which—

When alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

She died July 19th, 1810, and by her side stands the tomb of her husband, Friedrich Wilhelm III, who survived her thirty years and died June 7th, 1840.

Though she and her husband and their country suffered so cruelly at the hands of Napoleon, it was their son, the late Emperor William, who so signally avenged their wrongs in 1870; and he, together with the Empress Augusta, fittingly reposes in the last resting-place sacred to his parents.

We did not seek admission to the palace, as it contains little to reward one for the trouble of the usual lengthy procession through *all* the apartments of a royal residence.

The return drive to Berlin was rendered unsatisfactory by the endless succession of streets which form the town of Charlottenburg, a great many of which were rough and ill paved.

September 28th.—Yesterday, before quitting the precincts of the National Gallery, we made ourselves familiar with the entrance to the picture gallery proper—*Gemälde*

Galerie—which is situated in *das Alte und das Neue Museum* (old and new museum), and therefore this morning we made no mistake as to the object we were in search of. Our difficulties began only after we had entered the museum. We successfully discovered the Pergamon marbles, and paid a long visit to the department in which they are arranged, and to the adjoining sections devoted to other antique statuary; but we failed, after more than one attempt and much fruitless wandering over the immense building, to hit off the short flight of steps rising from the first floor which leads immediately to the gallery of paintings.

Once there, however, we were most richly rewarded; and Danaë could not have been more content, when Jupiter descended upon her in a shower of gold. From a central apartment at the head of the short stairs we first turned to the rooms on the left which were devoted to works of the early German masters, among which we found several by—

Holbein.

Lucas Cranach.

Albrecht Dürer.

Memling, and others.

But our attention was chiefly attracted by a beautiful copy of a famous picture, which we had seen for the first time last year, in the cathedral of St. Bavo at Ghent—"The Adoration of the Lamb," by Jan and Hubert van Eyck. It is—as described in the German catalogue—"the epoch-making *chef d'œuvre* of the early Netherlands school," and consists of twelve compartments of the altar-piece at Ghent. The latter, or original picture, was commissioned by Jodocus Vydt and his wife Isabella Burlunt for their chapel in the church of St. John (now

St. Bavo), and was sketched out and partly completed by Hubert van Eyck (*d.* 1426), and finished by his younger brother Jan in 1432. It consisted of twelve parts arranged in two rows, and when open exhibited in the upper row "The Glory of Heaven," in the lower "The Adoration of the Lamb," with the nations of the earth pressing forwards to the shrine in crowds.

Of the centre-piece of the second row the Berlin gallery possesses an excellent old copy (middle of the sixteenth century) from the hand of Michael Cosie, while the remaining portions here represented are all original. The former is—

"The Adoration of the Lamb."

The latter are—

(Two) "The Just Judges" and "The Soldiers of Christ."

(Two) "The Holy Hermits" and "Holy Pilgrims."

(Four belonging to the upper wing) "The Singing Angels"; "The Annunciation," with "The Prophets Zacharias and Micah" above; and "The Angels Playing Music."

In an adjoining room we came upon the famous and highly finished picture by Jan van Eyck called "Der Mann mit dem Nelke," because the subject of the portrait wears a pink carnation in his button-hole.

In another, Aggie discovered a beautiful example of Jan van der Meer van Delft, "The Young Lady with the Pearl Necklace," a girl standing in front of a looking-glass and adorning herself with ornaments.

Again we came upon a lovely Pieter de Hooch, a Dutch living-room, with a mother, a baby in a cradle, and a little girl standing in the sunlight in the doorway. It is one of the most admired of the works of this famous artist.

Portrait of Saskia van Ulenburgh. By Rembrandt. It is dated 1643, a year after Saskia's death. Also on the same wall, a very pleasing likeness of Hendrikje Stoffels (about 1662-1664). By Rembrandt.

In the same cabinet were two or three portraits by Franz Hals, and a fine picture by Gerard Ter Borch, "The Fatherly Admonition," but its chief attraction was—

"The Temptation of St. Anthony." By David Teniers, junior. A *chef d'œuvre* of that master.

Having quitted the series of cabinets, we next crossed a passage, and entered one of the large and principal rooms appropriated to the great Flemish painters. Here was the—

"Andromeda" of Rubens.

Hélène Fourment as St. Cecilia.

Perseus liberating Andromeda.

The drunken Silenus and his crew.

(The latter painted by Rubens and Vandyck).

Note.—Among the pictures in the room first described, I have omitted to particularise the famous portrait by A. Dürer, of the Nuremberg patrician and senator Hieronymus Holzschuher, painted in 1526. It had the additional interest for us that we saw it for the first time in the German Museum at Nuremberg, where it was exhibited many years ago. In 1884 it was obtained from the family for the Berlin Museum, at a cost of 350,000 m., or £17,500 sterling. It was a little startling to meet this exquisite work of art again in so unexpected a quarter.

The Italian Schools.

On entering this division of the galleries we were at once struck by the extraordinary richness of colouring and great beauty of the pictures, and pleased to find

among them many examples of famous masters with whose names and works we were previously unacquainted. Among the latter were—

Piero Pollaiuolo : “The Annunciation.” Splendidly painted, and with a charming view of Florence and the Val d’Arno.

Luigi Vivarini : “The Virgin seated on a Throne with Saints.” A grand altarpiece.

Rafaellino del Garbo : “Madonna and Saints.”

Lucca Signorelli : “Pan and the Shepherds.” A work remarkable for the knowledge it displays of the naked human form, here first freely exhibited in Italian painting. The picture was a present from the artist to Lorenzo de Medici.

I must here mention a picture with which we were both delighted, though I have unfortunately forgotten the name of the artist by whom it was painted. It represented the Virgin holding a large illuminated missal open in front of her, and the infant Saviour and St. John playing in the foreground. It was placed in close proximity, so far as I remember, to the above-named work of Vivarini.

But another picture, which it is impossible to forget, is a Titian, “The Little Daughter of Roberto Strozzi,” a most charming picture of a little girl, about eight years old, in a white satin frock ornamented with a girdle of precious stones, and standing by a table. Though painted 350 years ago (1542), it looks as fresh and natural as if the artist had only just laid down his brush.

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say’st,
“Beauty is truth, truth beauty”—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In a large room adjoining that in which we found the

portrait by Titian of Roberto Strozzi's daughter, we came upon a series of noble Spanish works—

“St. Anthony of Padua with the Infant Christ.”
Murillo.

“St. Bonaventura pointing to the crucified Saviour and proving to St. Thomas Aquinas that he is the Source of all Knowledge.” Francesco Zurbaran.

Full length and full breadth portrait of Alessandro del Borro, Field-Marshal, and conqueror of Pope Urban VIII. He is represented in the act of trampling on the flag of the Barberini Velasquez.

A beautiful portrait (full length) of the wife of Velasquez, purchased in 1887 from Lord Dudley's collection. She would be the daughter of Pacheco, Joana de Miranda, and this name is found on the back of the canvas. But Carl Justi throws some grave doubts on its representing that lady.

POTSDAM AND SANS SOUCI.

The month of September, which, twenty years ago, opened for us so auspiciously at Stockholm, paid us the compliment of ending this year with an exceptionally fine day. The weather of Friday and Saturday at Berlin was as bad as could be, barely allowing us to make our way to the picture gallery in the morning, and obliging us to have recourse to the heating apparatus in our room during the afternoon. Even Saturday, the 29th, was very wet and unpromising, and it was not without considerable distrust that we saw the sun shining on Sunday morning among the nearly leafless branches of the trees in the Unter den Linden. But before 10 A.M. the weather began to assume a decidedly hopeful aspect, and we determined to go by

the 11 o'clock train to Potsdam. Aggie prudently suggested taking with us a guide, as the place was new and strange and the descriptions in *Baedeker* appeared somewhat complicated. I therefore engaged a man named Albert Giehr who acted in this capacity at the Hotel Bristol at an expense of 10 marks, and a little before 11 we started for the Potsdamer Bahnhof in a small open carriage which took us through the Thiergarten to the station which adjoins it. Here we got a most comfortable compartment all to ourselves, and, cheered by the rays of a brilliant sun, we reached Potsdam in half an hour. We walked with our leader out to the long row of vehicles which stood near the station and selected a landau, influenced more by the gracious manner and fascinating smiles of the *kutscher* than by the qualities of his carriage, or the bullfight-suggesting character of his horses. So off we set, crossing the pretty Havel, in the direction of the Royal Schloss. Arrived at the entrance, our guide proposed to conduct us into the interior, but learning that the visit would occupy half an hour, we declined to make the round for the sake of seeing some memorials of Frederick the Great. The "guide" is generally possessed with the amicable idea of showing off everything in the sphere of his temporary jurisdiction, and not being able to estimate one's tastes, he has no power of discriminating as to what may please a visitor and what may be only irksome and distasteful. So I was obliged to make our conductor understand that *my* pleasure must be consulted. Thereupon we resumed our peregrination in the direction of the Garrison Kirche, where morning service had just terminated, and we witnessed the exit of part of the Guards regiment in their white uniforms, and of some of the orphan children belonging to the Waisenhaus. We

learned, not a little to our mortification, that the Empress with four of her sons had already left!

Within the church, just behind the altar, the remains of Frederick the Great are interred in a zinc sarcophagus, and there is only just room within the narrow vault to pass between his tomb and that of his father. *On dit* that the former desired to be buried with his favourite dogs on the terrace at Sans Souci, but his nephew, deeming it unseemly to carry out such a request in the case of so eminent a man, caused the remains of the Queen of Frederick Wilhelm I to be removed elsewhere, and the zinc sarcophagus of Frederick II to be put in their place. In all corners of the church we saw massed together flags and eagles captured from the French in the wars of 1813-15 and 1870-71.

Hence we drove to the handsome church called the Friedens Kirche to see the beautiful monument in white marble to the late Kaiser Friedrich (*d.* June 15th, 1888) by R. Begas, and those of his two sons, Princes Waldemar and Sigismund. Aggie made me inquire the signification of the "feather" which lay upon the breast of the recumbent figure of the Emperor, when the man in charge told us it was a palm leaf! The church is built after the model of the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore in Rome, and a canopy over the altar is supported on four fluted and highly polished columns of jasper, the gift of the Emperor of Russia.

We next drove, before luncheon, to the New Palace, which is the summer residence of the Emperor, and of which one can only obtain a glimpse from outside the park railings; and after a pretty drive past the famous windmill, we regained the point from which we had last started and entered the Restaurant Sans Souci for *déjeuner*. Having

been regaled to our satisfaction, and having waited for our guide and *kutscher* to refresh themselves, we again sallied forth in quest of the Sans Souci 'Palace.' It was near at hand, and our active guide had only just time to take tickets to permit of our joining the party which was about to be conducted over the building.

The famous residence of Frederick the Great, in which he lived almost continuously, is of only one storey, but it stretches for a considerable length along the brow of the only high ground in the neighbourhood. The interior consists of a series of apartments of moderate size ornamented in the Rococo style and hung with paintings of the French school, Watteau, Lancret, etc. One of its most charming rooms is the library, adorned with beautiful busts (one of Homer in particular) and built in octagonal form. Another which deeply interested us was the bedroom of the King, in which he died, seated in an arm-chair in the window. In the drawing-room adjoining is a clock which it was Frederick's habit regularly to wind, and it stopped at the moment of his death, twenty minutes past 2 in the morning, August 17th, 1786! Voltaire's room, situated at the extremity of the palace, was decorated in the most charming way with objects in porcelain, and, together with the library, is an exquisite example of the Rococo style.

Having made our survey of the various rooms of the Schloss and seen many objects of artistic and historical interest, some connected with Frederick William IV and his Queen, we next emerged on the broad gravelled walk which runs in front of the palace, and from which we looked down upon a succession of terraces ending below in a handsome fountain. We next paid a visit to the spot near at hand where Frederick's favourite dogs are buried, whose

names, Phyllis, Thisbe, etc., gave proof of the classical sympathies of the monarch, their master. However, the full measure of our interest in Sans Souci was not yet complete, nor had we reached the point of view which was to form the centre of so many delightful recollections.


To attain it, we walked down the series of vine-clad terraces which had been skilfully wrought in the hill-side, until we came to the fountain, which rose gracefully from the level ground at the bottom. It was surrounded by a semicircle of marble seats, which, with the warm sunshine, the towering column of water, which in its descending foam rivalled the beauty of Lauterbrunnen, the still air, and the autumn woods, invited to a long delay.

From our feet rose the panorama of terraces crowned by the Schloss, forming a most charming picture, and it was with much reluctance we withdrew our eyes from so enchanting a prospect. Even as we retired towards the carriage, we could not help turning round at almost every step to gaze upon the exquisite form of the fountain, until at last it became obscured by the intervening foliage. At this point a German family rushed forward to inquire what building that was, meaning the right wing of the Schloss ; and I was uncommonly pleased not only to understand the nature of their inquiry, but to be able to explain to their satisfaction that it was a picture gallery.

The round had occupied exactly four hours, from 11.40 to 3.40, and at six minutes past 4 we again took the train and returned in triumph to Berlin.

A CHAPTER

OF SOME FRAGMENTS GATHERED TOGETHER FROM
MEMORIES OF THE PAST AND EXTRACTS
FROM THE LETTERS OF T. F.

ITH the fear of my editor before my eyes, I venture to add a few memories of places and incidents which rise up prominently before me and which have not been met with in my husband's written pages. Their crude relation may, I hope, amuse, though they possess no intrinsic matter of interest to our friends.

One story which occasionally he related with great glee to some chosen familiar was this:—Our friends the Rev. Samuel Bergne and his daughter were arranging a trip to Norway and Sweden and very kindly asked us to join their party. As, however, the ocean under the most favourable circumstances never exactly suited my constitution, I at once declined, but urged my husband to take advantage of the tempting offer. This he did, and on 7th August, 1874, he and I started at 5 A.M. for the London Docks and found our friends already assembled on board the "Albion." After having inspected the cabin my husband was to inhabit for the next few days and exchanged appropriate salutations and adieux, there was nothing left for me to do than to respond to the signal for "visitors to land," and make a sad retreat. I remained

on shore watching the vessel which was conveying, as part of its freight, all I cared for on earth until she slowly passed away from my gaze. The next intimation I received as to the voyage, etc., was conveyed in a letter from Christiania, which I here insert for it to tell its own tale.

“ Hotel Victoria,

“ Christiania,

“ 10th August, 1874.

“ My own Darlie,

“ As you cannot have a letter from me before Friday next, I thought it would be better and kinder to send you a brief telegram this morning, which I hope you have received, announcing my arrival after a most favourable passage, of which I may add here that the last 70 miles were delightful. They embraced the Christiania fiord from Friederickshaven to Christiania, and as it has been a beautiful sunlight morning, I have been up since half past four, standing on the bridge of the ‘ Albion,’ admiring the scenery on either side of the beautiful fiord. The voyage altogether has been most propitious.

“ After waving my last adieux to you on Friday morning, and reluctantly losing sight of your white petticoat and the yellow bow of your parasol, I settled down to an excellent second breakfast of beefsteaks. It is curious that I had so little idea of the length and extent of the Thames below Millwall, but I now understand why it has the name of being such a noble river. We were steaming down it seven hours before we got fairly out to sea, and here we found a fair wind, and the sea comparatively calm. As I expected, however, from the high sides and narrow beam of the vessel, she rolled a good deal, but

I did not suffer, except a little discomfort, and I was really sick only once. That was on the second morning before breakfast, but I appeared in the saloon at every meal and ate well, while many on board could not come down and had to take their food on deck.

“The distance from London to this port is 670 miles, so that I am that distance from you to-day—which I hope may be satisfactory to you. We arrived at seven o’clock this morning, which, allowing for two hours spent at Christiansand yesterday, would make the duration of the voyage 68 hours, and the rate at which we sailed as nearly as possible ten knots an hour. I went on shore yesterday at Christiansand, which is a nice clean town of wooden houses and wide streets that give one a very favourable impression of the character of the Norwegian people.

“Both there and here I observed that the women are dressed in the latest Paris fashions, and there is no want of comfort, or of finish, apparent in anything one sees. This is a most picturesque town, as well as a very stirring one, and except for the pleasant freshness of the air, it is so bright and sunny that I could fancy myself writing in a room at Zurich or Genoa. I only miss you, my Darlie, and for that nothing can make amends. It would be so pleasant to have you by my side, or even resting at the hotel, that I might tell you what I have seen, and to be aided in my walks by your unrivalled powers of observation—and, I will add, your amusing observations. One of our first visits here to-day was to Mr. Bennett, whose name is a household word in Christiania. He is an Englishman, a member of a University, and a ‘character.’ He has been married and settled here many years, is the author of a guide book to Norway, proprietor of carriages, banker,

general agent, etc., and a leading authority on routes. He has given his *fiat* to that which we have sketched out for ourselves, and which will occupy about 18 days—so that by Friday fortnight we expect to be back again in Christiania. After that, it is quite possible I may return straight to London, instead of going to Stockholm, Copenhagen, etc. As you will probably write in answer to this, give me your opinion, as I do not think it right to be too long away. This journey inland will cost about £1 a day each. Address your letter to the above hotel, where, after all, we purpose leaving some of our luggage. It is a grand thing that we have a prospect of fine weather, and we are to start to-morrow morning at six o'clock for a drive of 42 English miles—or about 10 hours.

“It will be useless to write to you till I return here, unless perhaps accident may serve to send down a letter, but I shall keep memoranda of all we do, so as to be able to recount them to you on my return.

“Since writing the above I have dined at the two o'clock table d'hôte under a large handsome tent in the garden of the hotel, with blocks of ice standing on the tables. We had soup, salmon, mutton cutlets, chicken, and vanilla cream ice, with plenty of vegetables. As yet I have met no one I know. On our way in from dinner I find Mr. Bergne is inclined to shorten the 18 days allotted to our tour, so as if possible to bring the time down to 15 or 16—which I think will be quite long enough.

“Now one word on a small matter of business.

* * * * *

“I must now say good-bye. We are just going to pay a final visit to Bennett and to arrange about money matters,

and after that to go over to Oscar's Halle, the country seat of the King, from which there is a fine view.

"God bless you, my own Darlie, and with all my love,

"Believe me,

"Ever your own affectionate,

"T."

"I am ashamed of this letter—it is so carelessly worded and written, but I am rather sleepy from being up so long."

After reading the above, which reached me by the last post one evening, no one will be surprised that I felt somewhat in a state of incipient panic when it dawned upon me what a length of time must elapse without our having any means of communicating with each other, and we had never before been separated for more than a day or two! So the result of a sleepless night, crowded with thoughts of the fearful events which might occur in the interval, ended in my resolving to go out in the boat, which would be again leaving the docks in three days' time, and be at Christiania ready to receive my husband on his return to that place. The execution, however, of this apparently wild scheme I made subservient to the view which his and my dear old friends, Louisa and Emily Hall, might take of the matter and to their sanction or otherwise to it. They were staying at the time close to Sussex Gardens, and off I went to see them early the following morning and laid my little plan before them.

Like good, kind, and reasonable people as they unfailingly were, they backed me up, thought it quite the best course for me to pursue, and Emily Hall went at once

straight off with me to the office in the City to see what places were still to be had on board the boat. Every private cabin was taken and even every berth in the ladies' cabin! The only place left was a narrow sofa usually occupied by the stewardess. Nothing daunted, I coaxed and bribed this dear person to let me have it, and succeeded.

Now time was short to make arrangements, but I shut up the house, paid the servants board wages, etc., etc., bought a thick rug and a warm shawl, and behold! I and my kit were ready for the start, at the same hour, by the same boat, and under the auspices of the same captain as my husband had gone out with just a fortnight before. But this voyage was not destined to be such a propitious one as that he experienced and described. We encountered what I was told was "half a gale"—what a *whole* one could be was left to my imagination. We were, in consequence, overdue at Christiansand, and the captain on arriving there had to telegraph to Christiania to let the officials know that we were safe. Can you picture what had been my fate during these fearful days? I will only say that I suffered, survived, and never repented my venture. Well, I had engaged rooms at the hotel in Christiania before leaving London, and was met at the landing stage by the employés and soon found myself most comfortably housed and welcomed by the proprietor, who of course remembered the party who had preceded me and whom I had come to meet.

Two days afterwards the door of my room was suddenly thrown open, and the intruder's first exclamation was, "*You little rascal!*" After a few more complimentary exchanges of ideas on that subject, my husband said, "Oh! I must go down and tell two very

nice young fellows who have travelled back with me, and with whom I had arranged to dine to-day, that I cannot now do so as my wife has unexpectedly arrived." And this he had ignominiously to do! I felt much amused, when we two went down to dinner, at being introduced to and of course thought of by them as the marplot wife. The letters will explain why my husband had broken away from the party.

But his doing so might not have had such a successful ending, as he told me he had had half a mind to return by Bergen, as being shorter and more expeditious. Had he unfortunately carried out this plan, we should just have missed each other. As it was, he applauded my action, said the result was just what he wished, and so with a few days' rest in Christiania and after visiting all the interesting places in its neighbourhood we proceeded on the 30th August rejoicing on our delightful journeys to Stockholm, Gothenburg, Copenhagen, etc.

The following are the letters I received from my husband during his travels in Scandinavia:—

“Odnaes, on the Randsfiord,

“13th August, 1874.

“My own Darlie,

“We arrived at this miserable hostelry about nine o'clock last evening in a heavy fall of rain, and I have just now, five o'clock, arisen from an intolerable bed—one of three shake-downs in the eating room prepared for my two male friends and myself. You may infer from this that the house was full and that there were no horses to go on farther. Under such circumstances it

is a real comfort to be able to sit down and write to you.

“The only thing I should like to send you from Norway is the smell of a pine wood through which we drove late on Tuesday evening on our way to Hønefoss. Foss in Norse signifies waterfall, and this is a very pretty one, broad and foaming but not high, and which puts one very much in mind of Schaffhausen. It is surrounded by a large village and numerous saw mills; and the clatter of our horses’ feet at night over the wooden bridge which crosses the river just below the falls, the harsh rattle of the saw mills, the roar of the water, and the reflection of the scattered lights around, made a scene which would be the envy of an enterprising stage-manager.

“You see I faithfully recount to you the hard facts and realities of Norwegian travel, though I do not suppress those accompanying lights and shadows which serve to soften their outline or to bring them more prominently into relief.

“On Monday night at Christiania I could not sleep, owing to the real or spiritual presence—I don’t know exactly which—of insects in my bed, and I was glad to get up at five o’clock, and pack my portmanteau for our approaching expedition. Breakfast at six not good, but I imitated the tactics of the Halls in Italy and carried off some slices of bread and meat for luncheon, which came in well subsequently, and which I ate without offering a morsel to anyone. We were off in our carriages at seven o’clock, and my troubles began with some luggage, which Mr. Bergne asked me to take on my carriage, and which was perpetually slipping about and falling off, so that the first few miles reminded me of our Mont Blanc

expedition from Courmeyer. I did not feel in spirits, or in good humour, the whole day, though the weather was magnificent, and served to show the landscape to great advantage. At one station we got cream and raspberry preserve, and at another we obtained a very bad luncheon, and when we arrived at Vick, a very poor station, at two o'clock, I found we should have to wait six hours for horses! I asked for a bed—Seng, in Norse, and tried to sleep, but in vain, and got up again, took a walk, and at six had some fair dinner—fish and steak and potatoes. About eight o'clock we got off and reached Hölmeffoss at half past nine. It has a good hotel, and I slept well. Yesterday (Wednesday morning), we started for the Randsfiord, a long and winding inland lake, drove about 12 miles, and embarked ourselves and carriages on the steamer which brought us here. The morning was happily fine, so that we did not get on board with wet clothes, but the rain soon began to fall and continued to do so for the best part of seven hours. In one part the Randsfiord is something like the Lake of Zurich, but on the whole it is only a long narrow loch with low pine-clad hills running down to the shore on either side, but by no means abruptly. So there is nothing fine about the scenery, and the dark green all-pervading pines give it a sombre aspect, which makes one long the more for an Italian or Swiss sun to light it up.

“So far I really do not very well see what we are coming to, but I hope as we go on our ‘prospects’ may improve, and at any rate I will persist on being back in Christiania for the boat which returns to London on the 27th inst.”

“ Hossun, Norway,

“ *Sunday, August 16th, 1874.*

“ My own Darlie,

“ It would be impossible to give you in a letter any adequate idea of the sort of life we have been leading since I wrote to you from Odnæs, at the head of the Randsfjord, on Thursday last. I must therefore content myself, until I see you, with describing a few of the incidents of the journey.

“ Well, notwithstanding the unpropitious circumstances noted in the above letter, Thursday passed pretty favourably. We breakfasted as usual about six, set off at a quarter to seven—packing the carriages is a troublesome operation—and when we reached the station, where we ought to lunch at half past twelve, we found it destitute of even a crumb of bread, so that I was again indebted for the solace of my hunger to a sandwich of ham which I had hastily fabricated and surreptitiously carried off from a former halting-place. On the road thence we had heavy rain from which your invaluable apron could only have protected me, and on arriving at the next station, Frydenlund, at half past three, we found it impossible to get horses, and so were obliged to remain eight miles short of our proper destination for that day, Fayernaes. We got a better dinner, and I a better bed, however, than I expected, and we were off the next morning again at an early hour. This was Friday, and as the weather was comparatively fine, and we drove through lovely scenery, I began to *enjoy* myself for the first time. The best proof of this was that I began to form plans for bringing you to Norway at some future time, and I am sure it could be made, with good and intelligent management and the experience which I have acquired, a perfectly satisfactory

and comfortable tour. So don't despair of some day seeing Norway under my guidance.

"However, this same Friday evening, on arriving at a dirty farmhouse, or station, called Tuna, when I was stepping from my carriage, I turned on my right ankle and gave the joint such a severe twist that I feared I had broken the bone, and produced an accident known as Pott's fracture. I nearly fell down in the road from pain, and when they brought me a chair my teeth chattered and I shook like a person in an ague fit. I could barely raise a little brandy to my lips, and when I was brought in and had my boot taken off, I found the outer ankle swollen to the size of an egg, but I satisfied myself that no bone was broken. Daisy and Mr. Bergne were most kind in attending to me, but I was terrified at the thought of what the ankle might be next day, and of being detained by it in such a miserable place. Curiously enough there was an Englishman upstairs in the same house suffering from a sprained knee which he had got in following game in the mountains, and we had some capital reindeer—the produce of his gun—for dinner. I was awake a good part of the night bathing my foot, and it rained most dreadfully, but in the morning I applied *your* invaluable bandage, and notwithstanding the character of the weather we set out at a quarter to seven. As our route lay across the Felle Field (mountains with snow, 3,150 feet), it was very cold and miserable, but we were revived by luncheon at the top, and on descending into the valley on this side the weather again improved. My foot is now better, but quite black and swollen from effused blood; but I have no doubt I shall be able to use it again in a few days. In other respects I am quite well, though I feared at first the very rough living would disagree with me and make me ill.

"We are going on to-day under the stimulus of our female Phaeton, Daisy, to Leirdalsoren, and thence probably down one of the fiords to Gudvangen, and after that to return to Christiania 26th or 27th.

"The scenery yesterday was also very beautiful, but I must reserve any more particular description of it for the present.

"This I shall post in Leirdalsoren, and I dare say you will receive it in about a week."

"Leirdalsoren,

"On the Sogne Fiord,

"*Sunday Evening, August 16th, 1874.*

"My own Darlie,

"It is difficult to realise the postal arrangements in this somewhat primitive country, and I found after I had sent off my letter to you of this morning that the post will not leave until Tuesday. I am very sorry therefore that my letter will reach you two days later than I had hoped, and I am now going to supplement it with a few lines which will give you the latest information about our intended movements.

"This evening we have sent off our five carriages by steamer to Gudvangen, and to-morrow morning at eight o'clock we are to follow in a boat which will take us there with rowers in about nine hours. I need not tell you the intervening excursions which we are to make from thence, but next Sunday evening we shall return hither from Gudvangen by the steamer which touches there on that day at 4.30 P.M., and on Monday the 24th proceed back to Christiania. According to this programme we cannot reach Christiania till Thursday the 27th, on which day the steamer sails for London, but I fear too early for me to

catch it. I may possibly, however, get away a little sooner than the rest of the party, and if so I may be in time for the London boat on Thursday. In that case I should be at home with you on Sunday the 30th, this day fortnight. If I find, however, that in the letter I expect to receive from you in Christiania you urge me very strongly to go to Stockholm and Copenhagen with the Bergnes I may be induced to do so. But do you know I feel now and again uncomfortable at the thought of not having heard from you for so long a time, and fancy all the things which may have occurred to you. But I hope they have no other foundation than in my imagination, and that I shall find you all right on my return. I also think it was, or may appear to others, selfish of me to go off on my holiday and leave you all to yourself at home, but I do trust you will have that pleasure in due time.

“We had a very pleasant drive of three hours from Husum over here this afternoon and have since had a tolerably good dinner.

“I am glad to say the foot is much better, though I am still very careful about using it. As there is a telegraph station here I had thoughts of telegraphing to Christiania to have your letters sent on to me here, but I was afraid lest I might miss them altogether, so have not done so.”

“Eide, on the Hardanger Fiord,

“Norway,

“August 18th, 1874.

“My own Darlie,

“I cannot allow this glorious day to come to a close without recording my impressions of the magnificent scenery through which I have passed, and how can I do so

more fitly than by inscribing them to her who was in my thoughts at every moment, and whom I have secretly determined to bring next year to see it for herself? Believe me nothing is more practicable, and I promise it will be the greatest enjoyment of your life—but we must be quite alone and have it all to ourselves.

“I wrote to Miss Hall last evening from Gudvangen on the Sogne Fiord and enclosed the letter to you. We got very wet upon the boat, and it was raining then and throughout the night, and looked very unpromising at six o'clock this morning. However, we set off, rather depressed in spirit, at seven, but as we advanced on our route it turned out a lovely day, and continued fine to the end. Our road at first was a continuation of the fiord of yesterday—that is, the same mountainous formation—then we rose by a splendid zigzag road to the summit of the pass, with two magnificent waterfalls thundering on either side of us. Then a full view of a range of snow mountains swung like an arch across the sky; above the blue canopy of heaven, with a few white clouds massed immovable here and there; the sun bright and warm but not scorching; and an air which was softness and fragrance themselves. Never did I feel anything more delicious than its breath upon my face. And so, amidst scenes like these, of varied but still uninterrupted beauty, we drove as fast as we could go for ten whole hours. As we approached the Hardanger Fiord—one of the most beautiful in Norway—the sun was just descending towards the horizon, and gave to the evening that indescribable sweetness and beauty which make earth feel almost like a Paradise. But it is really beyond any powers of description, and I can only hint at some of the features of the scene in the hope they may awake similar impressions in your own mind.

"This is a sweetly pretty spot on the Hardanger Fiord and has a nice little hotel where I hope you may stay some day. To-morrow morning we set out in two boats for Vik, six hours distant, in order to visit the Voring Foss, and after that—*i.e.*, on Friday—I shall leave the party and go across the country by another and less frequented route to Christiania.

"However, on this point my mind is not yet entirely made up, as the road presents some difficulties which on further inquiry may prove an impediment, and if so, I shall return to Christiania as originally intended."

"Eide, on the Hardanger Fiord,

"Norway,

"*Thursday, August 20th, 1874.*

"My own Darlie,

"I must begin this letter with a word or two of explanation, as I hope to send it to England by hand, and it may thus probably reach you in that way sooner than one of an earlier date which I have committed to the Norwegian post. My last letter to you was written on Tuesday night, announcing our arrival here, and made an attempt to give you some description of the magnificent scenery through which we had passed, and of the lovely weather by which we were favoured in our long drive that day. I also announced my intention of separating from the 'party' a little farther on, and taking a somewhat new line of country by myself to Christiania. However, on a closer investigation of that route, I judged it imprudent to attempt it alone at this somewhat late period of the year in Norway, and in fact yesterday was such a continued downpour of rain that it acted as a wet blanket on all

our projects. We were condemned absolutely to the house from morning till night, but as it is a very comfortable hotel and we are remarkably well fed, I was not indisposed to take a rest, and I passed the greater part of the day in learning Norsk.

"I am glad to say it is finer this morning. To-morrow morning (Friday) we shall embark at five o'clock on board a steamer which sails round a part of the beautiful Hardanger Fiord and returns here at half past five in the evening, and on Saturday morning we recommence our homeward journey. I send you herewith a map marked after your own fashion under the names of the various places we have been in and showing our route—the *pencil* marks will show the route back.

"I fear now that I cannot possibly reach Christiania this day week in time to take the "Albion" to London, but if not, I shall leave on Friday morning by the steamer to Hull, and so, I hope, be at home some time on Monday, and on arriving at Hull I shall send you a telegram. In fact, I do not expect that you will have this letter before Monday the 31st.

"It is very curious how the feeling of anxiety about you grows upon me, and I have great difficulty in keeping it under. It seems so long since I have heard from you, and it is so easy to imagine that you may be ill, that I shall be greatly rejoiced to get back to Christiania and find, as I hope, a letter or letters from you.

"Mr. H. Bergne and the two ladies have just returned from fishing on the fiord, and have brought in a big fish called a kvita, something like a sole, which we are to have for dinner. But I have so much to tell you, and I hope to see you so soon after you receive this, that I shall not now continue."

GRANADA.

On arriving here we took up our quarters at the Siete Suelos Hotel so as to be near the Alhambra. Every morning after the so-called "breakfast"—at which the fast was certainly broken, though the appetite not satisfied, water-melons being really the only inviting edibles on the table, and they were really good—we used to take our papers, books, etc., and leisurely walk down the beautifully shady and historic avenue of elm trees to this wonderful and enchanting remnant of the great past.

Here we generally passed the rest of the day wandering about at will amidst the silent courts and exquisite ruins of the old Moorish palace. These were indeed delightful, peaceful, and dreamy days. Often in the evening we ascended the famous "Torre de la Vela" (watch-tower) from whence one looked down upon the Vega, and witnessed the beautiful tints of the setting sun. This tower has long since been in disuse.

While staying at the Siete Suelos Hotel, we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lord Weeks, the former a distinguished American artist, living in Paris, who had come hither to paint the wondrous beauties of the Alhambra. One evening we were taking a stroll with them after dinner, when we met an old woman with a basket filled with prickly pears, a beautiful and delicious fruit when perfectly ripe and freshly gathered. We stopped her, and she proceeded to peel one for us. Mrs. Weeks and I had been bandying compliments as to who should first partake of the tempting, luscious morsel, and while we

were so doing the old woman became impatient, and yielding to the temptation, then and there swallowed it herself, to our intense amusement.

One day the opportunity presented itself of visiting the famous gipsy quarter—a somewhat venturesome expedition. Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, we started in a carriage with two horses and took a guide with us as precaution. Who that has seen them can forget the striking Spanish pictures of Gitanos? Nowhere in the world does this mysterious race flourish in such perfection as in the Iberian peninsula, and as they are depicted upon the dark canvases of the seventeenth century, so the sturdy outcasts remain at the present day, unchanged, indeed, even less than any other feature of unchanging Spain. Well, we had proceeded some little distance through the village unmolested, and were quietly observing the people and their squalid habitations, when suddenly we came upon a group of the most ferocious, evil-countenanced men I had ever seen. As we approached, they began to gather up stones, large and small, with which they commenced to pelt us, notwithstanding the gesticulations and expostulations of our guide, and there was nothing left for us to do but to fly. Our driver whipped his horses into a gallop, and we escaped, in great terror, but happily quite unharmed. So this *original* picture of the “*striking* Gitanos” remained unpainted, but indelibly stereotyped upon our minds.

On another occasion my husband and I were taking a walk before breakfast in a beautiful lane, overshadowed by the wall of the Generaliffe, when we were overtaken by a country cart, wherein was a man, woman, two boys, and a girl with a guitar. It occurred to my husband to

request the party to alight and the girl to play the guitar. The two "chicos" fell with alacrity into our humour, posed opposite to each other, and began to dance with their native ease and grace, only halting from time to time to "hitch" up their poor tattered little garments in the most comical way. When the performance was over the friendly and picturesque party packed themselves again into the crazy vehicle, and my husband set them on their way rejoicing after the manner of those who rarely see their faces reflected in a bright coin.

I could write many more pages about other interesting places we visited in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, especially Ravenna, etc., but my Editor says—well, never mind what Mr. Editor says, because I know he is right, and I quite concur in and accept his verdict. Therefore I at once withdraw, hoping that the patience of my lenient readers may not have been already overtried by what is, I believe, complacently called "the garrulity of advancing age."

A. L. F.













